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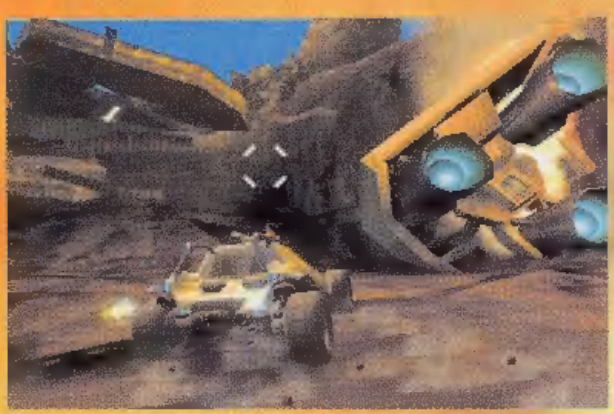

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MAD

APRIL 2005 NUMBER 452

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: MARK STUTZMAN

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Nowadays, it seems like the biggest difference between a man's wife and his boss is that when the government comes looking for a handout, the honeymoon is *really* over!

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

BOUND TO DISAPPOINT

I have been reading MAD on and off since 1974. While your step from black and white to color pages improved the appeal ten-fold, your saddle-stitching is progressively deteriorating. The center stitch (staple) falls out not long after first opening the magazine. The top and bottom stitch are not completely closed. I have worked in print/bindery for nine years and this is an unacceptable industry standard. I recommend whoever does your print negotiations bring this to their attention. Just thinking of you.

Tom Jurkiewicz, Wauconda, IL

Beef Jurky — We showed your letter to VP of Manufacturing, Alison Gill. She completely agreed with your assessment and was even more impressed by your professional know-how. In fact, she has agreed to recall the defective issues to have them repaired. Please send us your full street address, so we can pass it on to the readers and they can FedEx their damaged issues in to you to hand-fix them! —Ed.

THE ANSWER MAD

Once again it's time for the exciting section we like to call "The Answer MAD." It's where we take letters from other publications and offer our own two cents. This month's chestnut is from the December issue of *GamePro* magazine. Here, without further ado, we show where *GamePro* tackles the weighty issues of the day!

I have always wanted a gaming tattoo. After months of thought, I went with a Halo tattoo. I was never a first-person-shooter fan, and I always avoided them. Then along came this game, and it changed my thoughts about the whole genre. Halo had the greatest impact on me as a gamer; and that experience stretches almost 20 years. I am branded for life. It's all about loyalty.

D.C. via the Internet

D.C. — You say your decision to get the *Halo* tattoo was "all about loyalty," but we think it was probably "all about eating a ton of lead paint as a child." Thanks for writing and good luck saving up for the tattoo removal surgery! —Ed.

CENSORSHIP OF FOOLS

To Whom It May Concern:

I would like to file a complaint about your magazine. I think it's vulgar and should not be sold to minors under the age of 18. It should be treated like porn, due to the frequent nudity and sexually explicit terms. If you do not wish to comply with these requests, at least have a censored version for minors. I would also like to say that your magazine has some drug reference. Please also censor this from your magazine. Thank you for your time.

Armando Rodriguez, Morgan Hill, CA

A-Rod — We're sorry, but we are unable to offer a version of MAD that excludes all sexual terms, nudity, drug references and assorted vulgarities. However, even though we don't normally censor ourselves, we were persuaded by your request. Below, please find your letter reprinted and censored of all stupid comments, deranged accusations, asinine ramblings and moronic threats! Enjoy and keep reading MAD! —Ed.

To Whom It May Concern:

[redacted]

Armando Rodriguez, Morgan Hill, CA

NOW WE'VE SHEEN EVERYTHING

Recently, the stars of the hit CBS show Two and a Half Men were stupid enough to send in this photo of themselves reading our spoof (MAD #450). The reactions of the cast — top row (l-r) Holland Taylor, Melanie Lynskey, Conchata Ferrell, unknown (could it be Denise Richards?) and Marin Hinkle, and bottom row (l-r) Jon Cryer, Charlie Sheen and Angus T. Jones — were mixed. Break's over, guys, now get back to work!

ONE GOOD INTERN DESERVES ANOTHER

2004 was a big year for reunions: Motley Crue, Duran Duran, The Pixies. But none could compare to the granddaddy of them all — The Former MAD Intern Extravaganza at last year's holiday party! Some of the interns in attendance were (l-r): Jacob Lambert (1999), Dave Croatto (1998), Amanda Pettit (2004), Arie Kaplan (1993), Matt Cohen (1992), (seated) Butch D'Ambrosio (1991) and Jonathan Bresman (1993).

Want to be in a picture? Want to be invited to the hottest party of the year (a balmy 73 F!)? Apply to be a MAD intern! For application information, e-mail your request to: submissions@madmagazine.com or send it snail mail to: Amy "The Big Intern" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, 5th Floor, NY, NY 10019.

YOU'VE BEEN PUNCTUATED

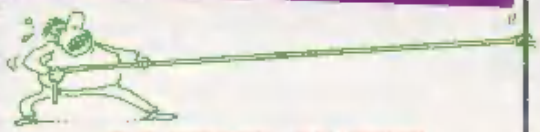
Ed., why is it that whenever you write back to fans you always finish with an exclamation point? Is it because everything you said in every letter was very important? Or was it just that you're always making a joke at the end of your letter?

Dylan McAdam, Laconia, NH

McAdam's Rib — Why do we use exclamation points? Well, there are a couple of reasons. Sometimes we do it because we are so excited to answer a thoughtful, well-written letter (note the lack of exclamation points so far). Other times, we use them to drive home an important statement. For example: Dylan McAdam, you're a robo-turd!!!!! —Ed.

FRANK KELLY FREAS

We are sad to report the passing of MAD artist, Frank Kelly Freas, on January 2, 2005. During his short but prolific run in the late 1950s to early 60s, Kelly's memorable illustrations included 30 covers in the magazine, countless paperback covers and numerous advertising parodies. We extend our deepest condolences to his family. To see all the covers that Kelly did for the magazine, check out our special tribute to him in MAD Color Classics #11 on sale now!



READER ALERT

If you love posters as much as we do, you'll want to pick up MAD Color Classics #11. How much do we love posters, you wonder? Enough to run a double-sided one featuring our "Forrest Trump" spoof on one side and an all-new, never-before-seen poster on the other! Buy it now wherever magazines are sold!

NEXT MONTH IN MAD #453 ON SALE APRIL 12!

WE TAKE ON ABC PRIMETIME WITH OUR SPOOFS OF *LOST* AND *DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES*!

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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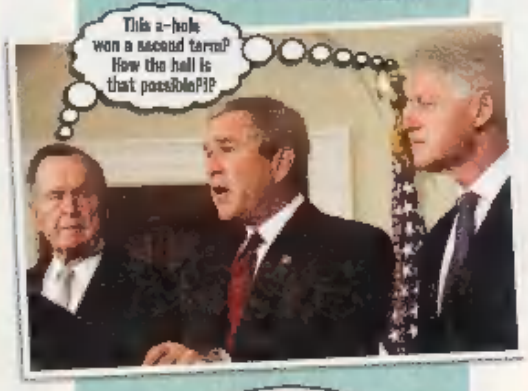
HOW TO REACH US
Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 452, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York, 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

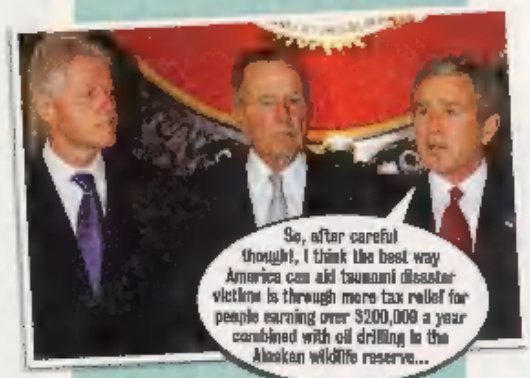
Fax MAD at 212-506-4848!

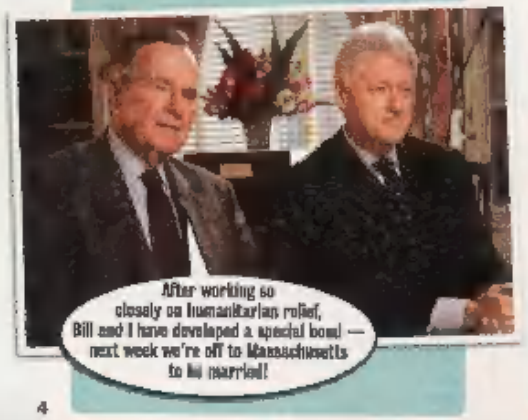
THE FUNDALINI

FUNDALINI FOTO NEWS:

THE PRESIDENTS UNITE FOR DISASTER RELIEF




So, after careful thought, I think the best way America can aid tsunami disaster victims is through more tax relief for people earning over $200,000 a year combined with oil drilling in the Alaskan wildlife reserve...


After working so closely on humanitarian relief, Bill and I have developed a special bond — next week we're off to Massachusetts to be married!

REPRISE WORLD PHOTOS

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This month: JON STEWART

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST STARS WILL MEET HIS DEMISE!

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Tripped by Dan Rather on way to stage to accept "Most Trusted Newsman" Award	1:1
Cranium explodes from cumulative pressure of "swelled head" he got during 2004 Campaign about his "importance" to political process	10:1
Stabbed by Tucker Carlson groupie for going on *Crossfire* and insulting the bowtied little twerp	20:1
Kills self upon realizing he actually *is* the main source of news for twenty-something Americans	50:1
Gaveled to death by Supreme Court Justices pissed that he showed them naked in his book *America*	75:1

ACCEPTABLE/UNACCEPTABLE APRIL FOOL'S PRANKS

Acceptable

Tie your friend's shoelaces together and have a good laugh when he falls down as he tries to walk.

Unacceptable

Tie your friend's shoelaces together and then cut him down with a wheat thresher.

Acceptable

Leave a bag of flaming dog poo on your neighbor's front steps and have a good laugh when he stomps it out.

Unacceptable

Leave a bag of flaming dog poo on your neighbor's front steps. While he's busy stomping it out, sneak around and set the back of his house on fire.

Acceptable

When your brother falls asleep, dip his hand in a bucket of warm water and have a good laugh when he wets himself.

Unacceptable

When your brother falls asleep, dip his hand in a bucket of warm water so he wets himself. Then plug in a toaster and toss that in the bucket, too.

Acceptable

Tell a classmate he's got a stain on his shirt and when he looks down at it, have a good laugh by quickly running your finger up his chest, flicking his nose.

Unacceptable

Tell a classmate he's got a stain on his shirt and when he looks down at it, clip him on top of the head with a ball peen hammer.

Acceptable

Sign the school attendance sheet as "Dick Hertz" and have a good laugh when the teacher asks, "Who's Dick Hertz?"

Unacceptable

Sign the school attendance sheet as "Dick Hertz" and when the teacher asks, "Who's Dick Hertz?" drop your drawers to prove you weren't lying.

PAGES

BE ARTEST

Sung to the tune of "Be Our Guest" (From *Beauty and the Beast*)

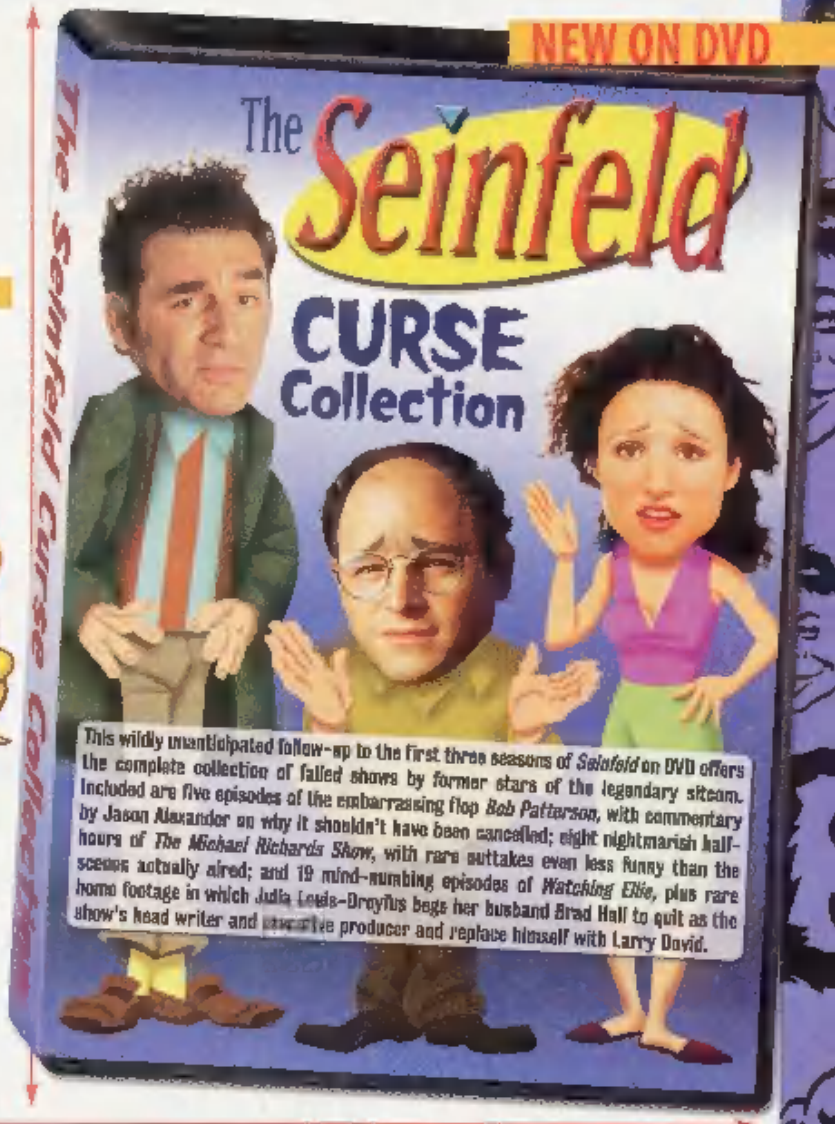
Be Artest!
Be Artest!
Cause some NBA unrest.
Lose your temper
in the stands, my boy,
And smash
somebody's chest!

What a joke!
Drenched with Coke!
Punch them hard
then kick and choke.
Fling a chair, it's satisfying!
You don't care
if someone's dying!

Throw a fit!
Rip some clothes!
And don't stop there, break a nose!
When it comes to being stupid you're the best!

Then go and sell your CD,
On national TV
Be Artest!
Be Artest!
Be Artest!

NEW ON DVD


The Seinfeld Curse Collection
The Seinfeld CURSE Collection
This wildly anticipated follow-up to the first three seasons of Seinfeld on DVD offers the complete collection of failed shows by former stars of the legendary sitcom. Included are five episodes of the embarrassing flop Bob Patterson, with commentary by Jason Alexander on why it shouldn't have been cancelled; eight nightmarish half-hours of The Michael Richards Show, with rare outtakes even less funny than the scenes actually aired; and 19 mind-numbing episodes of Watching Ellie, plus rare home footage in which Julia Louis-Dreyfus begs her husband Brad Hall to quit as the show's head writer and executive producer and replace himself with Larry David.

BITTERMAN

LAKELINE RETIREMENT HOME
I'm here to visit my father, Whaeler Bitterman. He just transferred here last week.
Certainly, sir, just sign in and I'll need to see a picture ID for proof of kinship.
Why do you need to see my ID? I'm not trying to cash a check or buy a six-pack! And what the hell do you want my signature for? If I WAS a terrorist, do you think I'd give you my real name?! And would my main objective be to infiltrate a freakin' retirement home?!? All this crap isn't making people safer – it's just making them scared and inconvenienced!
Forget the ID and signature... you're Bitterman's kid all right!

MAGAZINE CORRECTIONS YOU MAY HAVE MISSED

FHM
TERI HATCHER
It recently came to our attention that this magazine is exactly the same as Maxim. We don't really regret it, though.

THE FUNDALINI PAGES

THE FAST 5

LITTLE-KNOWN CLAUSES IN THE BRAD PITT/JENNIFER ANISTON DIVORCE SETTLEMENT

- Both parties agree not to contest the other being referred to as "the pretty one" when the former couple is written about in the tabloids.
- The couple shall equally divide all hair care, spray-on tan, and teeth-whitening assets.
- Aniston and Pitt will share in all revenue derived from any grainy, homemade sex tapes that somehow wind up on the internet.
- The couple will share joint custody of Schwimmer.
- The issue of who gets to do the teary-eyed, post-divorce Barbara Walters interview shall be determined by an online poll sponsored by *Us Weekly*.

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Mabel 941-555-6723

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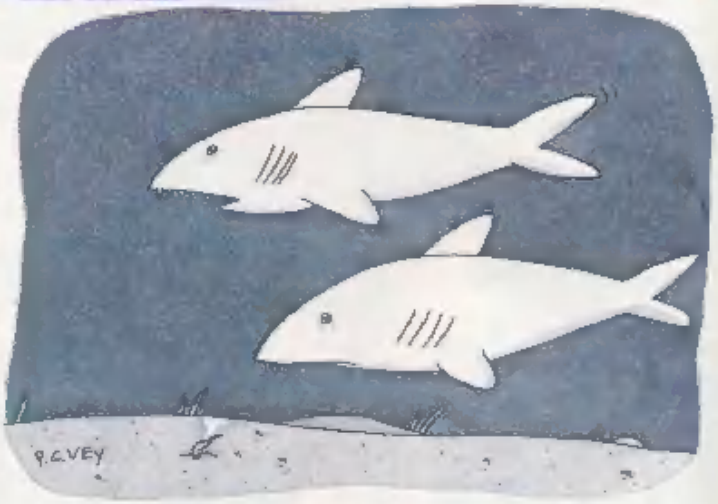
VEY TO GO!



"I THINK I MIGHT BE ALLERGIC TO PEOPLE WHO EAT SHELLFISH."

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Head Lice	Ringworm	Chiggers
Lollygagging	Sauntering	Dilly-Dallying
Adoptions	Foster kids	Abortions

SURPRISING THINGS That Might Be Found During THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN EASTER EGG HUNT

The *real* memos documenting Bush's lack of attendance during his National Guard service.
Scrap metal the Department of Defense intends to supply troops with to help armor-up their vehicles.
10,000 letters of condolence to the families of soldiers currently serving in Iraq – personally rubber stamped in advance by Donald Rumsfeld.
Vice President Cheney's prescription heart medication (purchased in Canada, where it's cheaper).
Condoleezza Rice's unread copy of The 9/11 Commission Report.
Disgraced Homeland Security Chief nominee Bernard Kerik's acceptance speech.

FRIENDS OF FUNDALINI

Charles Akins · Scott Bricher · Michael Gallagher · Garth Gerhart · Jeff Kruse
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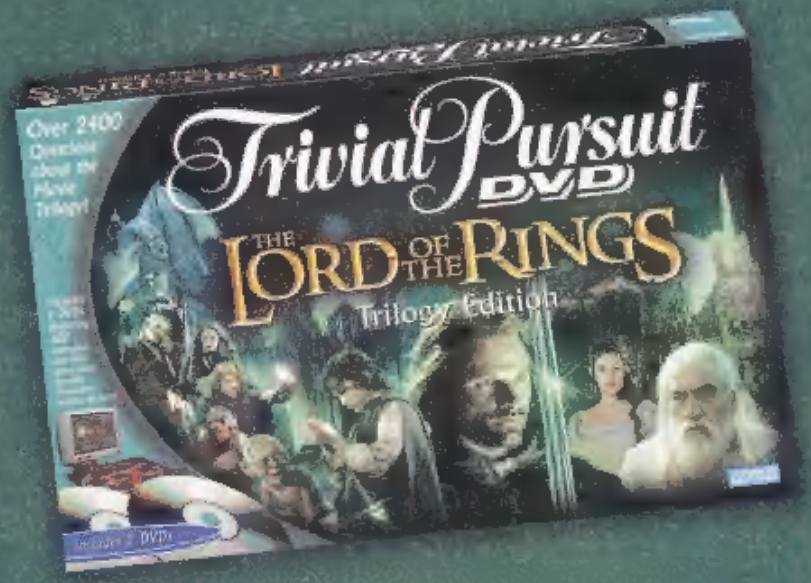
THE LORD OF THE RINGS

Trivial Pursuit DVD SWEEPSTAKES



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SLIGHT OF HANDLER DEPT.

LIMITED TH A SERI UNEVE MISFOR

Everyone knows that the book is always better than the movie. But what happens when the book sucks to begin with? Well...you get an even suckier movie. And when the movie is based on THREE books that suck, well, unluckily for us, we get...

I'm the **Sexiest Silhouette Alive**, and your **humble narrator, Limited Thickwit!** And, for no apparent reason, I live inside an old **C&C Music Factory** music video! It is my **sad duty** to say **stupid stuff** like, "It is my **sad duty**." My **main duty** is thinking up **new ways** to say "And then, **something bad happened**"!

The plot of this film is "mean guy acts mean." But for some viewers, even that's a little too complicated! Which is where a narrator steps in to explain things, by repeating what everybody just saw. Kind of like a network news anchor! But I don't mind this job. When they only film you in shadow, you don't always have to wear pants. Again, kind of like a network news anchor!

I'm the **eldest** of the **Bootylicious** orphans, **Violate!** My **special talent** is **inventing things** out of **everyday objects. Catapults, conveyor belts, parachutes,** you name it! But my **best creation** is this **push-up wonderbra** I built out of **two rolls** of **wax paper, a doily** and a **spork!**

While the **kiddies** wonder **what plot Stroganoff's** going to **hatch** next, the sweaty **18-49 male demographic** is wondering **which part of my body** is going to **sprout** next! Now that **Queen Amidala**, that **Hermione** skag and the sister from ***Spy Kids*** have all **"hit the wall,"** I've got about an **8-month window** atop the **Hollywood Perv Pyramid!** I'm **too young** for ***Maxim***, but I'm shooting a **very provocative spread** for ***Nickelodeon*** **magazine!**

I **read everything** I can get my **hands on, except**, apparently, **this script! Klams Bootylicious** here! **Only in Hollywood** would **"reading"** count as a **weird personality trait!** In the **books**, though, it's the **smart way** to **do business.** When you're **flogging** a **13-book series**, it's **good salesmanship** to **suck up** to the **geeky readers** by making the **hero a geeky reader**, too! Why do you think they call it **"losing" yourself** in a **book?**

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

ICKWIT'S
ES OF-
NTFUL
TUNES
to introduce myself, and introduce myself, and friggin' introduce myself! I am Count Stroganoff. And I won't find true joy until I've eliminated the child heroes with one of my murderous comic plots. Basically I'm Sideshow Bob, but not half as realistic! Why am I always in such a nasty mood? Look at these fingernails! I can't scratch, and I've had the same maddening itch in a very personal spot since 1988!
Booga booga! Bless me again with another character! But you see, the joke is that I'm supposed to be doing a different part, but it turns out the same! See, I'm playing a bad actor who means the worse I am, the better I'm really doing. It's like George Bush's "catastrophic success" in Iraq, only without the laughs!
brings up to my third tour de farce as the crusty sea dog Captain Shemp! And, remember when Robin Williams played Popeye? I sure hope not! And if you think these characters are annoying, you should have seen the ones we DIDN'T use! Chestwick the flatulent chiropractor, anyone? How about the Japanese Hobo?
Gurble
Scummy
two people
understand
Salma Hayek! Scummy
super teeth
bite
anything
almost
chomped down
hardcover
Bill Clinton
autobiography
she could
94

UNEVENTFUL
MISFORTUNES

I can't believe it! My propane tanks! My bales of hay! My collection of oily rags! All burned to a crisp! How could this have happened?
And now we're in the hands of a guardian whose first official act is to let an infant wander around in an unsafe burned-out ruin. I can't wait to see how he takes care of us next!
Frizzle mwoop!*
*sound of smidgey cute in the exposed asbestos!
In my opinion, the happiest place for you children is with your Count Stroganoff. I also believe that color-coded terror alerts kept Osama bin Laden on the run, that Barry Bonds had no idea what was in that mystery cream, and that Ashlee Simpson should do a live album!
Hellllooooo, darling meal tickets. I am your dear sweet fourth cousin with all shame removed, Count Stroganoff! You will find me cruel but unfair! And I frequently SHOUT! Without warning, and for NO PARTICULAR REASON! I'm like the mutant child of Vince McMahon, Regis Philbin, and Sean Hannity! But as long as you stare quizzically at my oversized gestures and feed me straight lines, we shall get along fine!
I don't care if the Count ordered us to cook dinner. There's no food in this pigsty. And all the ham is in the next room!
Demeaning tasks! Arbitrary rules! Abusive conditions! Treated like an unwanted lump! Just who does he think I am, Colin Powell?
Well, let's make the best of what we've got. If a rat is covered with blue fungus, does he count as a meat or a vegetable?
Klams, Count Stroganoff has locked us in the car on a railroad crossing! We have to open these locked doors! Did you ever read instructions on how to construct a fertilizer bomb? Because I've just crapped my pants!
Excuse me, but could you tell me whether the train will be speeding through this crossing soon?
Ten to one!
That's odd. My clock must be slow!
No, it's a 10-to-1 shot that the train will ever make it this far. This line belongs to Amtrak! The train probably derailed 20 miles ago!

Greetings, children! I heard about your close call with the train. Thank goodness the train was so broken-down that it shattered when it hit your car! I'm your Uncle Mangy, and I'm a herpetologist. Unpack your bags, and then start packing! We're leaving for Peru! I know what happens to relatives in these nasty stories. And that's why I'm getting my ever-lovin' rump OUT of here!
Don't you feel weird, being the only human surrounded by hundreds of vipers, pythons and boas?
No, I love it! But where are my manners? You must be hungry after your long trip. I'll just slither into the kitchen and constrict my torso around a nice pot roast for you kids!
Greetings, everyone. I'm Stupido, and I'm one of the world's foremost experts on long, skinny, wiggly things!
Snakes?
So THAT'S what they're called!
The deadly venom that killed Mangy came from a snake! He's got more fresh pinholes in his skin than the band Velvet Revolver amusing themselves during a plane delay!
The victim lived happily for 60 years, constantly surrounded by his snakes. Then he died. 3 hours after a total stranger showed up! Which leads to one question: Mr. Stupido, did you notice anything suspicious?
I haven't seen such a clueless police investigation since the last 30 high-profile cases on Court TV! What are you even doing here?
This is supposed to be a "black comedy." I figured it should have one black person!
And so the Bootylicious orphans were shuttled to their next hellhole, with their distant relative, Aunt Jehosephat! She suffered from a rare condition called phobiaphobia! Even the most common of objects terrified her. She hadn't gone to the bathroom in eight years, for fear that the toilet paper might spontaneously combust!
I don't know why I'm so nervous. Except for my husband being eaten by leeches, my relative's house being incinerated by a long-distance eyeball ray, my secret society being under attack, and living in a rickety house on 500-foot-tall stilts, my life's been going pretty smooth! But I have to stop talking now. I'm worried that my tongue muscles might suddenly rip loose and start flopping around!
Aunt Jehosephat, how did you become such a paranoid fearmonger?
Easy! I worked at the Department of Homeland Security!

Although no traces of her earlier happiness remained, Aunt Jehosephat was once a vibrant woman who derived great personal satisfaction from her work. That first night with the Bootylicious orphans, she shared these fading memories with the unfortunate trio!

And here I am in *Kramer Vs. Kramer*. This is me in *The Hours*. Here I am being hailed for *Sophie's Choice*. Sob!

I see why you're so miserable here now!

Nice aft! And yer pieces of eight ain't half bad, neither! I'd swab yer decks anytime, me beauty!

I can't believe our Aunt is so desperate for companionship that she's falling for Count Stroganoff's cheesy sailor act!

I'll clap ye in irons tonight when you visits me quarters! Wait until ye straddle my mizzen-mast! You land ho! Have ye ever done it scurvy dog style?

Ewwww! Is that a vibrating pegleg? I'm so out of here!

Aunt Jehosephat always said her #1 fear was realtors, and now I see why! They must have sold her this rattleshack because of its "breathtaking view." Put ANY deathtrap on stilts, and it'll have a great view!

If this wasn't "prime beachfront property" before, it's going to be, in about 30 seconds!

Meglnnn kadoo tulka!*

Talk about corny CGI effects! And they say *I'm* the one who bites!

Nothing would bring me greater satisfaction than to report that things were going well for the kids. Yes, I would love to write words as simple as that. But there are two problems with those simple words. One, they are untrue! And more importantly, if I ever drop this "overwritten purple prose" gimmick, even our most easily-amused fans will figure out that these stories have no characters, no suspense, no development, and a formula more set than Coca-Cola's.

Therefore, I am disagreeably obliged to opine at this timorous juncture that the Bootylicious orphans had resolved themselves to their current ebb of deteriorating circumstance, as they gamely spelunked towards their most locally situated relative of the female persuasion!

In other words, we paddled into the cave!

What an ass! And by "ass," I refer to a word which here means "a bad writer of the gluteal persuasion"!

Look out! Two water leeches have gotten into the canoe! They're attacking Violet's face!
No, those are just my lips!
Yeeee!!! I haven't been surrounded by this many bloodsuckers since I switched agents!
Well, that's the end for Mom, Dad, Uncle Mangy and now Aunt Jehosephat! Which really streamlines our Christmas card list this year!
If you wish to save your sister's life you'll agree to my terms. I've got an unsuspecting audience as witnesses. I've hired a real minister. And we'll be entering into a phony, loveless marriage that's legal and binding. Damn! If only I were a midget, we could sell this premise to Fox!
Audience! I've solved the mystery of who started the fire! And get ready for a shocker. It was the only bad guy in this movie, Count Stroganoff! It took me a while to decide between him and the animated elf from the opening cartoon, but I finally guessed right!
Adieu, suckers! "I believe I can flyyyyy... I believe I can touch the sky!"
An R. Kelly song! Now I understand where Count Stroganoff got the idea to marry a 14-year-old girl!
Well, I'm ready to move back home. This place couldn't be any worse for our health than any of our relatives' homes! Hey, look! A letter from our dead parents!
It's not a letter. It's a subpoena! "Repetitive, episodic story structure... murder attempts that leave the victim unscathed...obvious disguises intended to be detected immediately... elaborate contraptions... supporting characters with a single obsessive behavioral trait..."
The defendants, having been found guilty of plagiarism, are hereby ordered to cease and desist. Full damages are awarded!
Nyeehhhh. ain't I a stinker?
And here we must take leave from our tale of woe, nevermore to return, unless this puppy grosses over 100 million domestic!
I'm just glad I got away scot-free! Have you ever seen a photo of the guy who writes these books? Dude's got a head like a candied yam! And they hire ME, Jude Law, to play this shlub in the movie? Talk about fraud!

THIS CLASSIC SPY vs SPY MOMENT BROUGHT TO YOU BY GLOBAL STAR SOFTWARE

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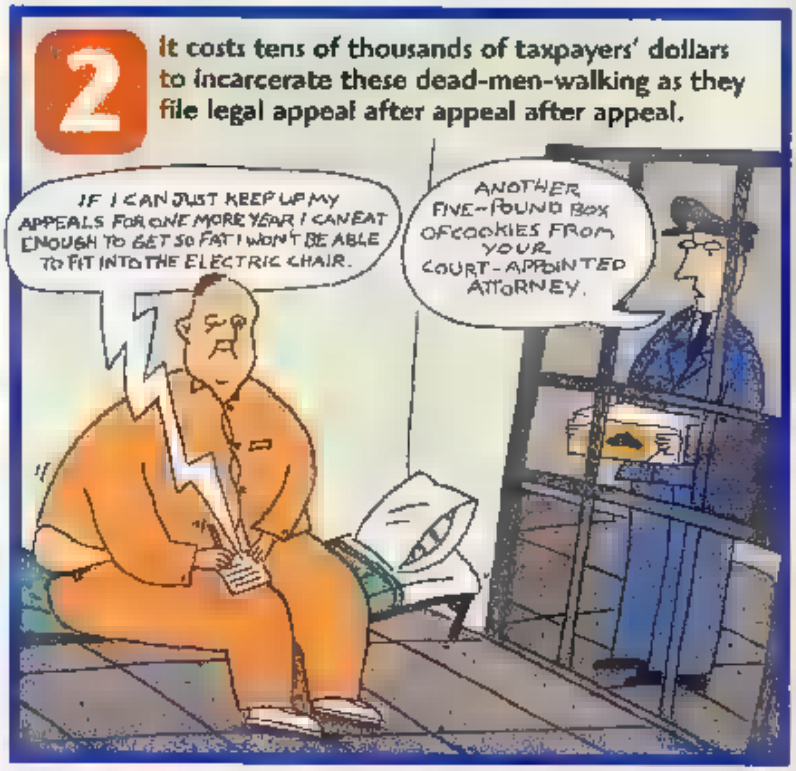
CAPITOL FUNISHMENT DEPT.

8 SOLID REASONS OF THE

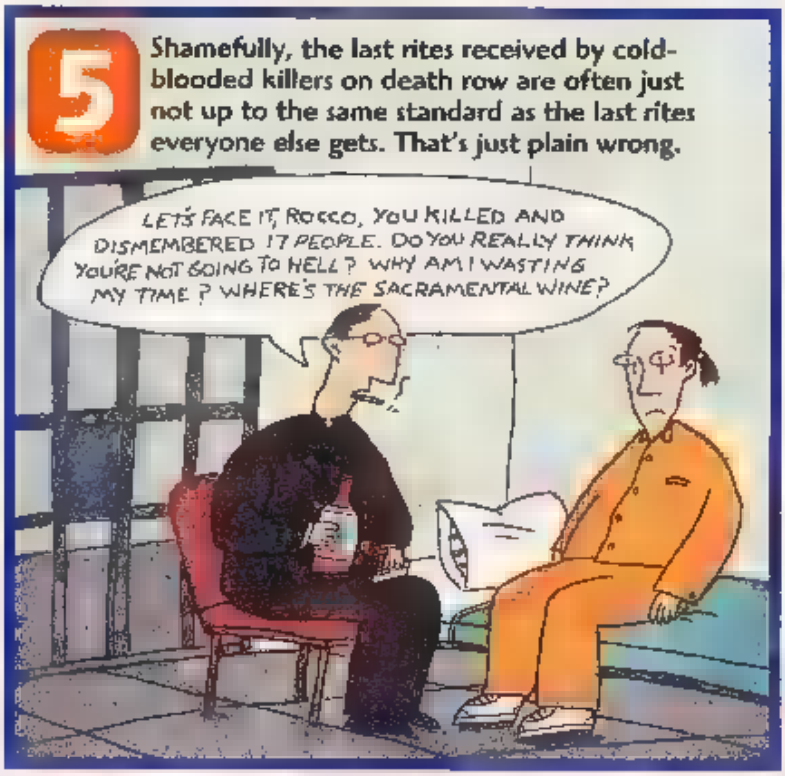
Since the death penalty was reinstated in America in 1977, hundreds of condemned prisoners have been executed and hundreds more await their ultimate fate. Arguments against the death penalty have ranged from its inherent immorality to the fact that it's applied capriciously. Clearly, it's time to re-examine this issue with a fresh eye. And who better than MAD, a magazine that proudly counts among its readers many death row inmates*, to cast this fresh eye with the sensitivity the topic deserves. Please reflect and consider...

1 With electricity rates soaring, the electric chair places a heavy financial burden on cash-strapped states that choose to fry their convicted killers.

2 It costs tens of thousands of taxpayers' dollars to incarcerate these dead-men-walking as they file legal appeal after appeal after appeal.


IF I CAN JUST KEEP UP MY APPEALS FOR ONE MORE YEAR I CAN EAT ENOUGH TO GET SO FAT I WON'T BE ABLE TO FIT INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
ANOTHER FIVE-POUND BOX OF COOKIES FROM YOUR COURT-APPOINTED ATTORNEY.

5 Shamefully, the last rites received by cold-blooded killers on death row are often just not up to the same standard as the last rites everyone else gets. That's just plain wrong.


LET'S FACE IT, ROCCO, YOU KILLED AND DISMEMBERED 17 PEOPLE. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELL? WHY AM I WASTING MY TIME? WHERE'S THE SACRAMENTAL WINE?

6 Many death row inmates choose to waste college professors' valuable time by earning one or more degrees, even though they're going to wind up deader than a carp.

ARTIST AND WRITER: P.C. VEY

*Special note to advertisers: The MAD advertising department is pleased to announce

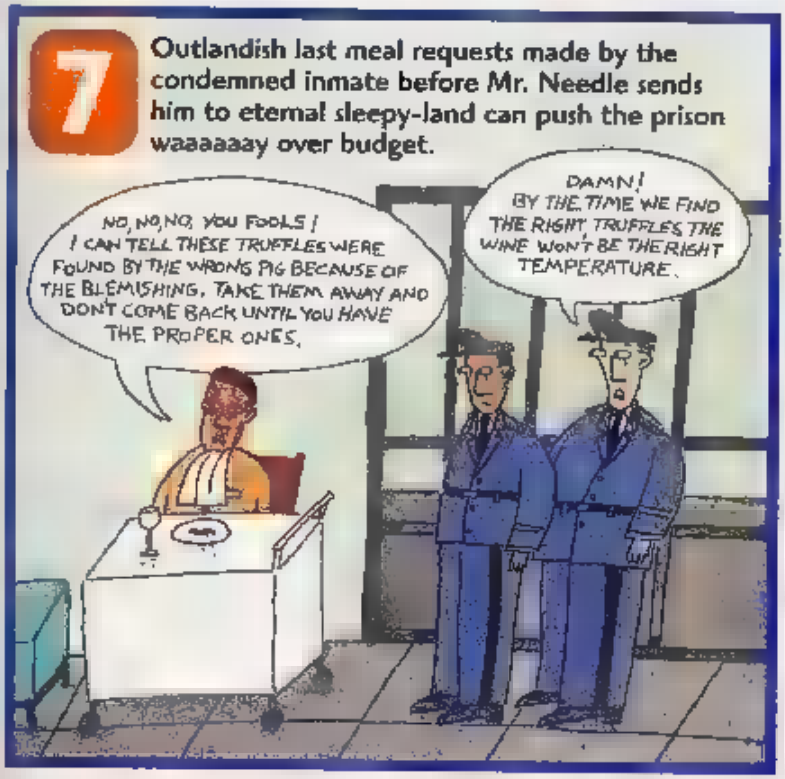
REASONS TO GET RID DEATH PENALTY

3 Death row inmates frequently pick up pointless hobbies while waiting to be executed. This can be extremely annoying to the already stressed-out prison guards watching over these corpses-to-be.

IF THAT A-HOLE GIVES ME ONE MORE MATCHSTICK REPLICA OF THE EIFFEL TOWER FOR CHRISTMAS I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF A LETHAL INJECTION.

4 The lack of Federal standards regarding what kind of gas may be used in offing the creep is tantamount to cruel and unusual punishment.

7 Outlandish last meal requests made by the condemned inmate before Mr. Needle sends him to eternal sleepy-land can push the prison waaaaaay over budget.

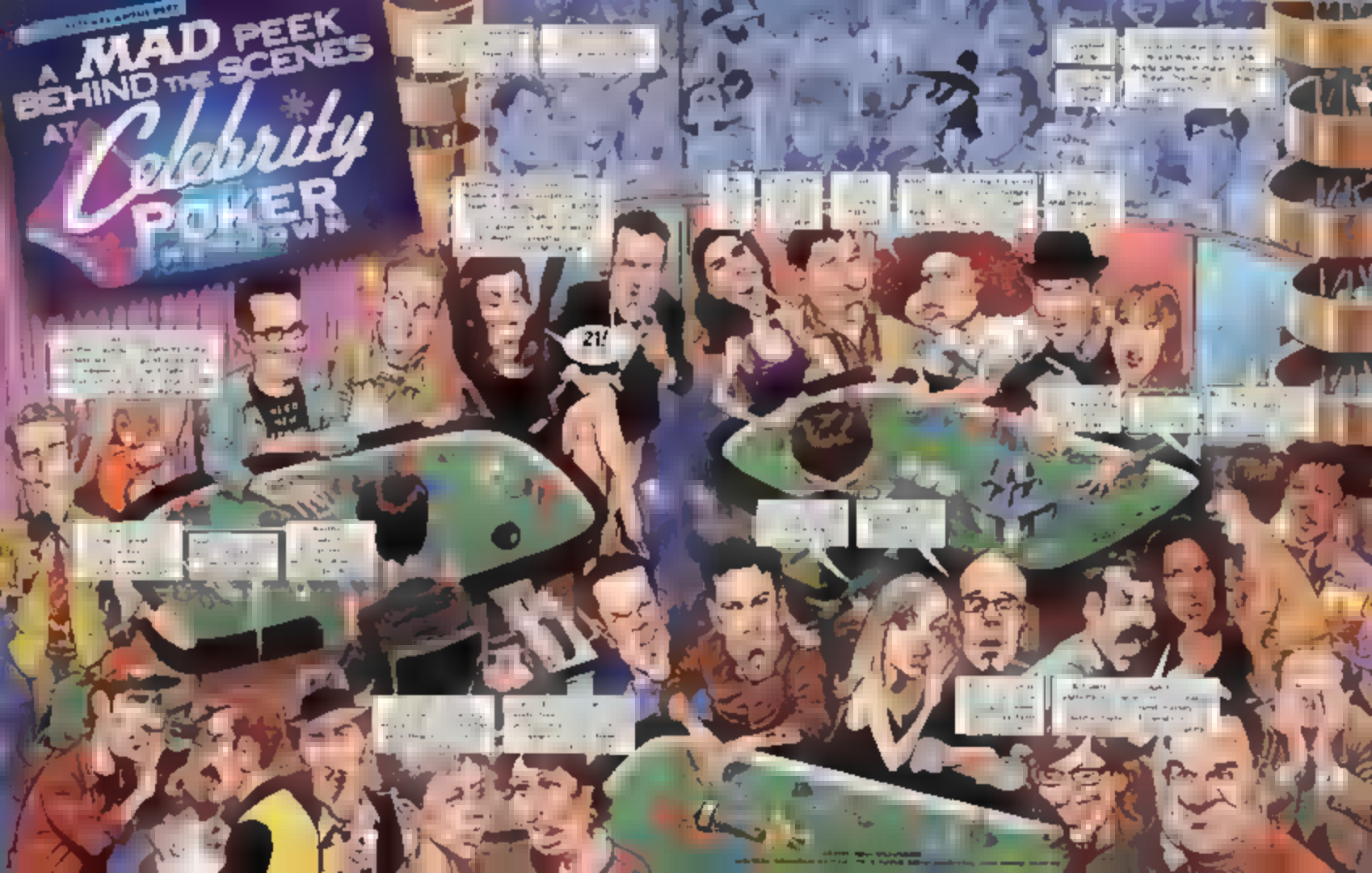

NO, NO, NO, YOU FOOLS! I CAN TELL THESE TRUFFLES WERE FOUND BY THE WRONG PIG BECAUSE OF THE BLEMISHING. TAKE THEM AWAY AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU HAVE THE PROPER ONES.
DAMN! BY THE TIME WE FIND THE RIGHT TRUFFLES, THE WINE WON'T BE THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE.

8 Reporters and authors invariably want to interview death row inmates about their gruesome killing sprees. This makes the non-death row inmates jealous.

it no longer counts these death row inmate readers in MAD's advertising rate base. We appreciate our advertisers' input in this matter.

ALL BETS ARE AWFUL DEPT.
A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT Celebrity POKER SHOWDOWN
Some of these celebrities don't play poker very well! They're depending on luck over skill!
I'm not surprised. That's how most of them became celebrities in the first place!
Matthew Perry is playing for the Make-A-Wish Foundation. Tony Hawk is playing for the ASPCA. And since she hasn't had a hit since American Pie, Shannon Elizabeth is playing for the Shannon Elizabeth Mortgage Fund!
21! WOO HOO!!
I'd like to welcome everyone to another taping of Celebrity Poker Showdown! It's a good alternative for viewers who can't take the nervous excitement of Lingo reruns on the Game Show Network!
NEED NEW FRIENDS
The director on this show is great! He catches every turn of the cards, every player's reaction, every bet!
Yeah! Where did he get his experience? Game shows? Sports broadcasts?
Neither! He used to run the surveillance security cameras at the Golden Nugget!
Shouldn't we be concerned that young people will see celebrities gambling and think it's cool to imitate them?
I wouldn't be too worried. Celebrities have been telling young people how to vote for years and they haven't been imitating that!
MAX KOREN

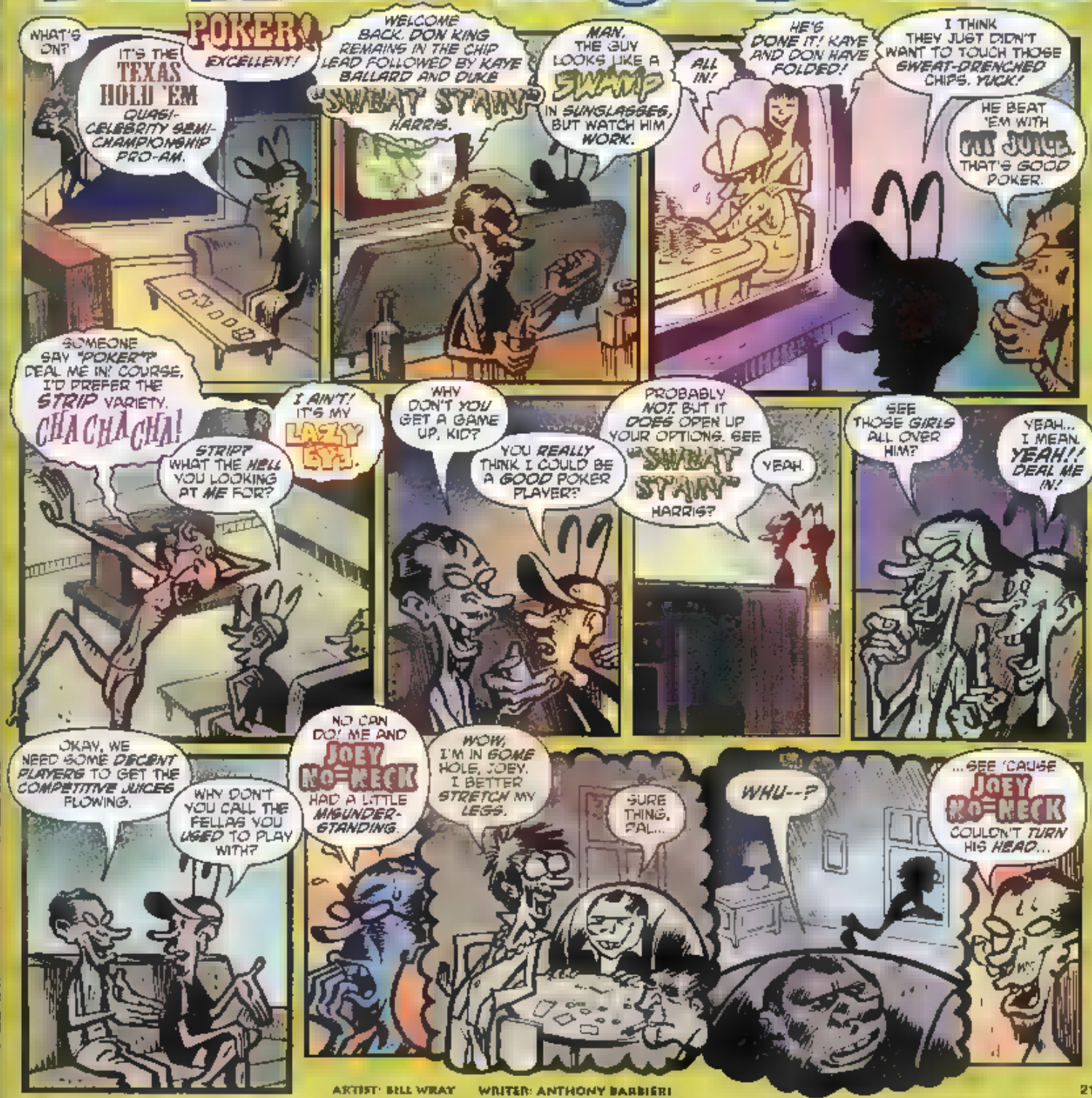
This is the greatest game!
Yeah, I love playing poker!
Me too, but between watching *Celebrity Poker Showdown*, *World Poker Tour*, *ESPN World Series of Poker*, *Ultimate Poker Challenge* and *Poker Superstars*, who has the friggin' time to actually play?
JOHN 3:16
My turn already? Go fish!
Somebody's playing footsie with me under the table!
Look! I can fit 75 poker chips in my mouth!
Ahhh. I would've backdoored the flush, if I hadn't folded after the flop. Not a bad beat, though. I was almost down to the felt anyway.
Ya know, it's jerks like MacDonald that ruin serious poker games!
She's in a tough spot, wondering if she made the right move.
You mean whether to raise or fold?
No, whether to appear on this disaster of a show or to hold out for *The Surreal Life 9*!
It sure takes a lot of nerve to shoot the whole wad on such a weak hand.
Not for a guy who agreed to make *Gigli* after he read the script!
Who's that poor soul in the corner crying his eyes out? A celebrity who just lost?
Actually, it's the agent of the celebrity who won. He just realized that this is the most money his client's made in 15 years and his commission is going to charity!
ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND
WRITERS: DESMOND DEVLIN, STEVE ROSSO, JOHN CALDWELL, AND DAVID SHAYNE


A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT Celebrity POKER SHOWDOWN
21!

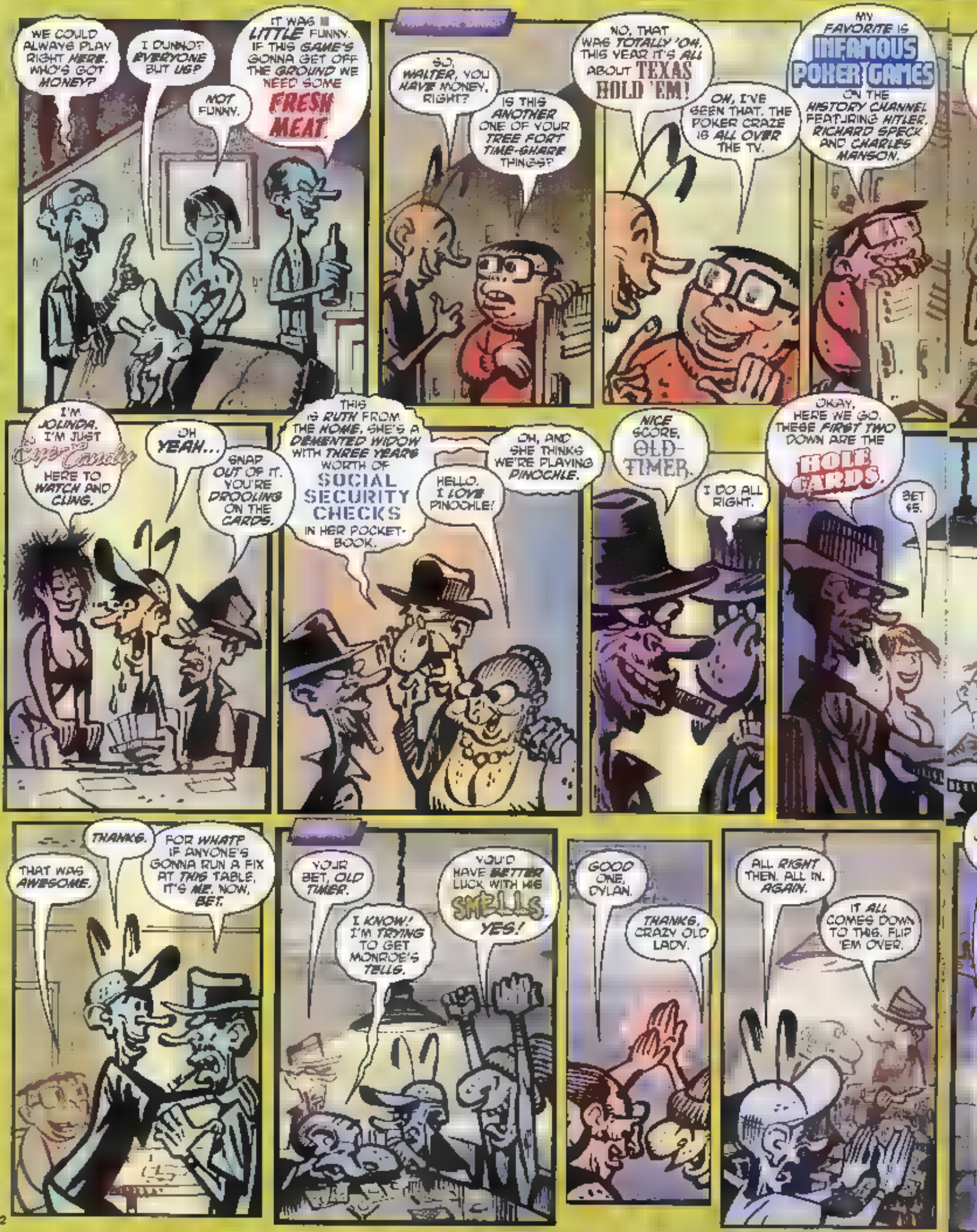
A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT Celebrity POKER SHOWDOWN
A lot of these celebs have excellent poker faces. No expression at all!
Yeah, they really know how to act!
Actually, I think it's the Botox!
Where's Sharon Stone? She hasn't come back from the break yet.
She's such a diva, she's locked herself in her dressing room and refuses to come out unless she's guaranteed better terms! She's demanding a three-picture card deal in every hand!
Wow! Cheryl Hines is going all in with just a six-three off suit. You really have to admire her bold, aggressive play!
Yeah, when you're a rich celebrity with crappy cards it takes a lot of guts to gamble fake money while playing for a charity that gets paid whether you win or lose!
Tom Green's got a 6% chance of drawing the straight. He also has a 15% shot at getting two pair. And he has a 0.01% chance of ever working again in show biz!
What skill! What genius! What deception!
Which player are you talking about?
Not a player, but editing crew! They make this game seem fast-paced and exciting!
Star Jones! Tom Green! Jeff Garlin! Andy Richter! Ricki Lake! Kathy Najimy!...isn't this great?
Mostly, I'm happy this isn't strip poker!

He better know when to walk away and know when to run. Ante up, it's...

MONROE and... TEXAS HOLD 'EM


WHAT'S ON?
POKER!
IT'S THE TEXAS HOLD 'EM QUASI-CELEBRITY SEMI-CHAMPIONSHIP PRO-AM.
EXCELLENT!
WELCOME BACK, DON KING REMAINS IN THE CHIP LEAD FOLLOWED BY KAYE BALLARD AND DUKE "SWEAT STAIN" HARRIS.
MAN, THE GUY LOOKS LIKE A SWAMP IN SUNGLASSES, BUT WATCH HIM WORK.
ALL IN!
HE'S DONE IT! KAYE AND DON HAVE FOLDED!
I THINK THEY JUST DIDN'T WANT TO TOUCH THOSE SWEAT-DRENCHED CHIPS. YUCK!
HE BEAT 'EM WITH PAT JUICE. THAT'S GOOD POKER.
SOMEONE SAY "POKER"? DEAL ME IN! COURSE, I'D PREFER THE STRIP VARIETY. CHA CHA CHA!
I AIN'T! IT'S MY LAZY EYE.
STRIP? WHAT THE HELL YOU LOOKING AT ME FOR?
WHY DON'T YOU GET A GAME UP, KID?
YOU REALLY THINK I COULD BE A GOOD POKER PLAYER?
PROBABLY NOT. BUT IT DOES OPEN UP YOUR OPTIONS. SEE "SWEAT STAIN" HARRIS?
YEAH.
SEE THOSE GIRLS ALL OVER HIM?
YEAH... I MEAN, YEAH!! DEAL ME IN!
OKAY, WE NEED SOME DECENT PLAYERS TO GET THE COMPETITIVE JUICES FLOWING.
WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE FELLAS YOU USED TO PLAY WITH?
NO CAN DO! ME AND JOEY NO-NECK HAD A LITTLE MISUNDER-STANDING.
WOW, I'M IN SOME HOLE, JOEY. I BETTER STRETCH MY LEGS.
SURE THING, PAL...
WHU--?
...SEE 'CAUSE JOEY NO-NECK COULDN'T TURN HIS HEAD...

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI


WE COULD ALWAYS PLAY RIGHT HERE. WHO'S GOT MONEY?
I DUNNO? EVERYONE BUT US?
NOT FUNNY.
IT WAS A LITTLE FUNNY. IF THIS GAME'S GONNA GET OFF THE GROUND WE NEED SOME FRESH MEAT.
SO, WALTER, YOU HAVE MONEY, RIGHT?
IS THIS ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR TREE FORT TIME-SHARE THINGS?
NO, THAT WAS TOTALLY '04. THIS YEAR IT'S ALL ABOUT TEXAS HOLD 'EM!
OH, I'VE BEEN THAT. THE POKER CRAZE IS ALL OVER THE TV.
MY FAVORITE IS INFAMOUS POKER GAMES ON THE HISTORY CHANNEL FEATURING HITLER, RICHARD SPECK AND CHARLES MANSON.
I'M JOLINDA. I'M JUST HERE TO WATCH AND CLING.
OH YEAH...
SNAP OUT OF IT. YOU'RE DROOLING ON THE CARDS.
THIS IS RUTH FROM THE HOME. SHE'S A DEMENTED WIDOW WITH THREE YEARS WORTH OF SOCIAL SECURITY CHECKS IN HER POCKETBOOK.
HELLO. I LOVE PINOCHLE!
OH, AND SHE THINKS WE'RE PLAYING PINOCHLE.
NICE SCORE, OLD-TIMER.
I DO ALL RIGHT.
OKAY, HERE WE GO. THESE FIRST TWO DOWN ARE THE HOLE CARDS.
BET $5.
THANKS.
FOR WHAT? IF ANYONE'S GONNA RUN A FIX AT THIS TABLE, IT'S ME. NOW, BET.
THAT WAS AWESOME.
YOUR BET, OLD TIMER.
I KNOW! I'M TRYING TO GET MONROE'S TELLS.
YOU'D HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH MR. SPOCK'S EARS. YES!
GOOD ONE, DYLAN.
THANKS, CRAZY OLD LADY.
ALL RIGHT THEN. ALL IN. AGAIN.
IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS. FLIP 'EM OVER.

GREAT. THEN I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT. BRING YOUR TRUST FUND.
I HEAR YOU'RE RUNNING SOME CARD ACTION.
WHAT? HOW THE HELL DID YOU HEAR THAT SO SOON?
INTELLIGENCE REFORM. SPEEDING UP INFORMATION. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE GAME.
EVERYBODY READY? LET'S MEET THE PLAYERS.
I'M WALTER. I'VE MET YOU 62 TIMES NOW.
DON'T RECALL.
I'M DYLAN.
DYLAN? THE ONE MONROE SCREAMS ABOUT IN HIS NIGHTMARES? IMPRESSIVE.
THANKS, DAD.
I'M IN.
I'LL RAISE IT.
I'LL SEE THAT. WHY NOT? HE'LL EITHER TAKE MY MONEY HERE OR AT SCHOOL.
I'D LIKE A HALF A POUND OF BRISKET, PLEASE.
THAT'S MY GIRL!
AND FINALLY HERE'S THE RIVER CARD.
WHICH IS WHERE YOU TWO WILL WASH UP IF I LOSE THIS HAND.
IT'S ALSO CALLED "6TH STREET" — AND I KNOW A NICE DUMPSTER OUT THERE FOR YOU TOO, SONNY.
LET'S KEEP IT CLEAN.
QUEENS OVER JACKS. MONROE TAKES IT.
UNBELIEVABLE.
WHAT THE HELL? HOW DID THIS HAPPEN? I'M BUSTED.
ME TOO.
I HAVE SOME COUPONS.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I'M THE WINNER!
IT DOESN'T ADD UP!
OH YES IT DOES. I KNEW HE WOULD WORK!
WAIT. I THINK I UNDERSTAND. MONROE COULD ALWAYS BLUFF BECAUSE HE'S IMPOSSIBLE TO READ.
THE KID'S GOT IT. YOU CAN'T READ MONROE BECAUSE, LOOK, HE'S A BLANK PAGE!

THE PERFECT CARD PLAYER!
HE'S RIGHT. THE KID IS A REGULAR JERK of DIAMONDS.
I'M LOADED! GET OVER HERE, BABY DOLL!
UH, OKAY.
ONE SECOND, KID. LET'S TALK ABOUT MY CUT.
YEAH. HOW ABOUT WE START CUTTING AT THE STERNUM AND WORK OUR WAY UP?
JOEY NO-NECK!
I HEARD YOU WAS RUNNING SOME ACTION. AND I GO BY "JOEY NECK-CHALLENGED" NOW.
THANKS, I THOUGHT SO.
THAT'S NICER.
YOU, GET IN THE CAR. BRING YOUR KNEECAPS.
WAIT, JOEY. I CAN PAY YOU NOW. MONROE, PAY JOEY.
COME ON, DAD. HOW OFTEN DO YOU USE YOUR KNEECAPS REALLY? AND LOOK AT JOLINDA...
I'll buy you a pretty walker.
FINE, THEN.
THANKS FOR THE POKER LESSON, MONROE. IT COST ME MY FIRST YEAR AT A Private University.
BUT I'M SURE CITY COLLEGE WILL BE NICE.
AND I'LL STICK TO TAKING YOUR MONEY IN THE CAFETERIA. TOMORROW.
UH-OH. I'LL WALK YOU HOME, RUTH.
GOODNIGHT. ER, WHERE ON EARTH IS ALL MY MONEY?
DAMN DILUTED CANADIAN DRUGS ALWAYS WEAR OFF TOO SOON.
THAT SUCKED. I WAS A GREAT POKER PLAYER. I HAD IT ALL AND LOST IT.
YOU WERE NEVER A GREAT POKER PLAYER, KID. I WAS SLIPPING YOU CARDS FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE DECK ALL NIGHT LONG.
DAMN!
SON, ONCE AGAIN YOU'RE THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE. "UNLUCKY AT CARDS... AND EVERY DAMN THING ELSE"!
I FOLD!

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MECHASSAULT 2
LONE WOLF

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BEST OF E3 2004 GAMESPOT

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TEEN
T
Blood
Violence
ESRB CONTENT RATING
www.esrb.org

Repeat the Fock-ups

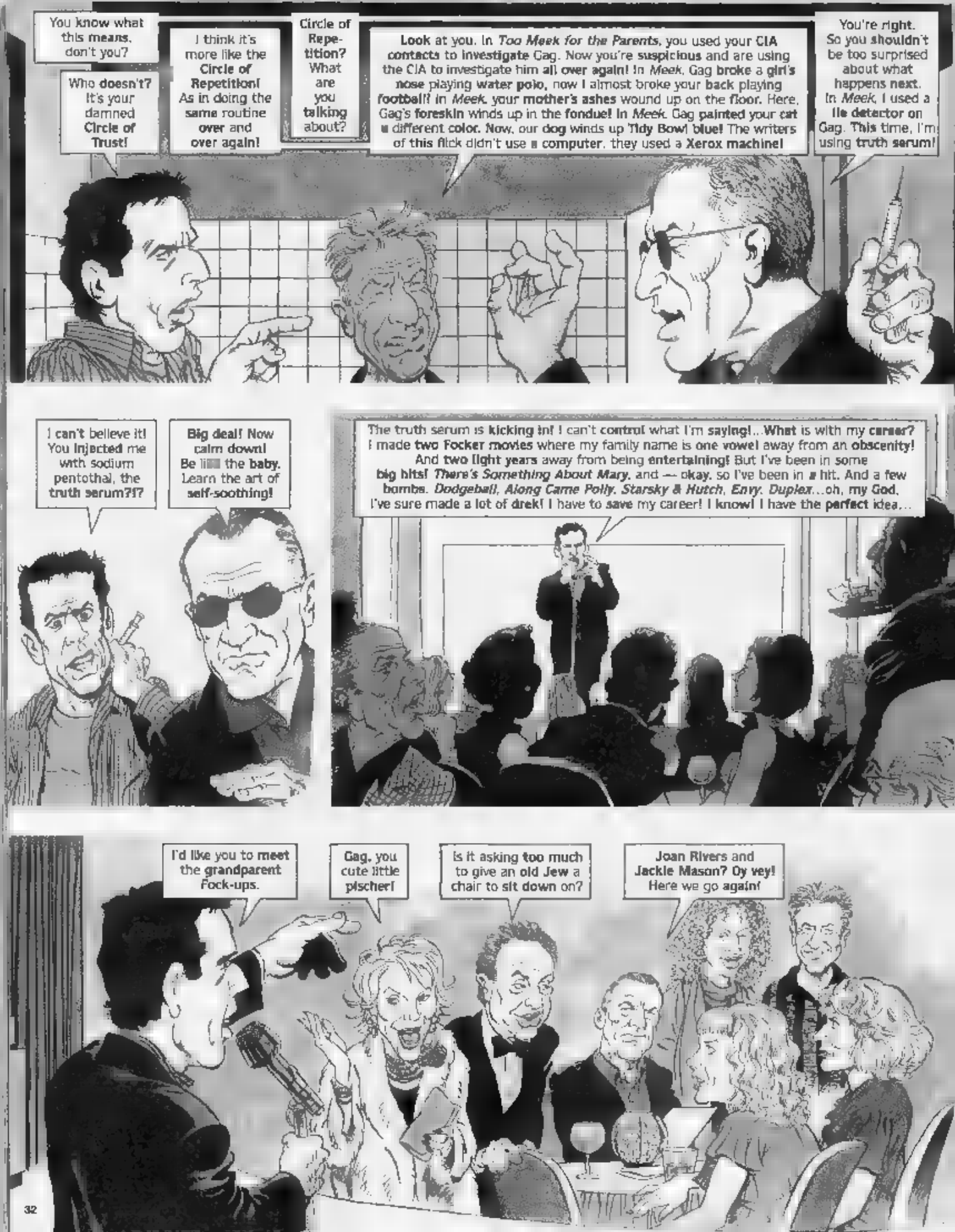
The first movie in this series, *Meet The Parents*, set the comedy bar low. That made it tough to produce the sequel — the bar was so low, no one thought a new script would fit under it, but unfortunately they were wrong! Here's...

Mom, dad, I like you to meet the Burned family! Mr. Burned is the one with just the single breast. Mrs. Burned is the one with two breasts!
I could kvell! I'm so happy to meet you! Goyim or not, this is going to be a wonderful weekend! We just met, and already we're talking about breasts! Where are my manners? Would you folks like a nosh?
You'll have to excuse my wife, Razz. She's a little meshuggeneh! Oy, what am I saying? She's a lot meshuggeneh!...Okay, I think we've done enough hilarious Yiddish expressions masquerading as jokes for now! We have to save some for when the picture starts to bog down!
Wake up, Beanie! The picture bogged down before the credits finished! And trust me, there aren't enough expressions in the Yiddish dictionary to save this movie!
APPLE GRANN
Nice to finally meet you, father and mother Fock-up! And your cute little dog! We have a cat — and he's toilet trained!
Yeah, I'm trained to flush stupid dogs down the toilet! Trust me, doggy, I'm doing you a favor by flushing you! Now you won't have to be in the rest of the film!
Jerk, look! The baby's picked up a brand new gesture all by himself! He's holding his nose. I guess that means he needs his diaper changed!
Diaper changed? I'm holding my nose because the dialogue needs to be changed! Phew! It stinks!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DIKE BEBARTOLO

Before we go into the house come on, give me a big hug and a kiss!
Beanie, doing that isn't my style!
Okay, a small hug and kiss, no tongue!
Look, I'm a little uptight about that kind of thing, but how's this? We shake hands and I don't wash them immediately after!
Before we show you around the house, we have a slogan that helps us conserve water when it comes to using the toilet!
"If its yellow, let it mellow. If it's brown, flush it down!"
My husband made up a slogan about the way you two talk...
"If it's clean, skip that scene If it's vile, it'll get a smile!"
Does honey-bunny sweetie-pie want some soupy woupy?
Beanie don't talk "baby talk" to the baby!
I wasn't talking to the baby! I was talking to your wife!
Thank God someone's talking to her I've been out of things to say to her since "I do"!
I guess we're so proud of Gag because he's our only child!
Only child? Gag, you said you had a sister! You said you milked her cat! You lied!
Big deal! I did that for the sake of a bad joke in the first movie. For the sake of a bad joke in this movie, I'd admit that my grandparents were really black!
Are your grand parents really black, Gag?
They might be! Do you have a good joke?
This is our former maid. We brought her in to help with the food and embarrass Gag about his young sexual experiences with her!
I was a good maid. First I made the bed. Then I made Gag. Then I made the bed again!
Please don't get any meshuggenah ideas. They didn't sleep together until Gag was 12!
He slept with us until he started sleeping with her. He never slept alone his entire life! It was wonderful, though that did make his days in Boy Scout camp a topic of conversation in the neighborhood!

My God, what kind of a class are you teaching here, mom?
I teach a class in hot sex for seniors! But if you can think of another kind of contrived class that would be more upsetting to your prospective in-laws, let me know!
How about one for parents who don't know their unmarried daughter is pregnant?
Bingo!
I wouldn't tell your husband, Dreamie, but I don't really teach yoga. I'm a sex therapist!
A sex therapist?
I am! Not that I'm kvetching, but I spent over two hours on the internet to get that degree! And it took me 30 more minutes to design and print my diploma!
I'm shocked! I would have sworn you got your master's degree in portraying tired ethnic stereotypes!
I'm going to convert my office into a bedroom so you and Dreamie can sleep inside the house!
That won't be necessary! I prefer to sleep in my RV! That way I'll have my own bed, my own towels, and my own sophisticated surveillance and spy equipment!
Okay, but we still have to do a scene in my office. I need to show this book with the riotous title The One Hour Orgasm!
I had a one hour orgasm! It was just divided over my sex life of 40 years!
Really?!? According to your wife, you were about 45 minutes short!
I'm taking my motor home into town. But before I go, I'm setting up my miniature lipstick camera so I can catch Gag screwing up with the baby and teaching him foul language!
A lipstick camera! When are you going to stop with your old CIA tricks?
What CIA tricks? I got the lipstick camera idea from watching hours of Celebrity Poker Showdown!
What do you say we go out in the backyard and play a little football -- the Jewish Liberals versus the Conservative Christians!
Only on one condition: you have to promise to get hurt! I mean, what is more original and riotous then a guy hunched over from back pain after some backyard horsing-around?
A song cue if ever I heard one!
♪ People, People who hurt people, Are the funniest people in the world! ♪
YESHIVA


You know what this means, don't you?
Who doesn't? It's your damned Circle of Trust!
I think it's more like the Circle of Repetition! As in doing the same routine over and over again!
Circle of Repe-tition? What are you talking about?
Look at you. In *Too Meek for the Parents*, you used your CIA contacts to investigate Gag. Now you're suspicious and are using the CIA to investigate him all over again! In *Meek*, Gag broke a girl's nose playing water polo, now I almost broke your back playing football! In *Meek*, your mother's ashes wound up on the floor. Here, Gag's foreskin winds up in the fondue! In *Meek*, Gag painted your cat a different color. Now, our dog winds up Tidy Bowl blue! The writers of this flick didn't use a computer, they used a Xerox machine!
You're right. So you shouldn't be too surprised about what happens next. In *Meek*, I used a lie detector on Gag. This time, I'm using truth serum!
I can't believe it! You injected me with sodium pentothal, the truth serum?!?
Big deal! Now calm down! Be like the baby. Learn the art of self-soothing!
The truth serum is kicking in! I can't control what I'm saying!...What is with my career? I made two Fucker movies where my family name is one vowel away from an obscenity! And two light years away from being entertaining! But I've been in some big hits! *There's Something About Mary*, and — okay, so I've been in a hit. And a few bombs. *Dodgeball*, *Along Came Polly*, *Starsky & Hutch*, *Envy*, *Duplex*...oh, my God, I've sure made a lot of drek! I have to save my career! I know! I have the perfect idea...
I'd like you to meet the grandparent Fuck-ups.
Gag, you cute little pischer!
Is it asking too much to give an old Jew a chair to sit down on?
Joan Rivers and Jackie Mason? Oy vey! Here we go again!

2005
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TBS

ANCHORAWAY DEPT.

When Walter Cronkite bid farewell to the evening news, he left his post as "the most trusted man in America." 24 years later, the nicest thing you can say about Dan Rather is that he never punched his microphone. Other news legends got to walk away on top. Dan gets a "KICK ME" sign from some blogging shut-in named apSquad3234."

DAN RATHER'S FINA

As **many** of you **know**, this is my **final broadcast** as **anchor** of the **CBS Evening News**. And I would be **remiss** if I didn't make a **farewell statement** of some kind. Like those ugly **Christmas decorations** you got from **Aunt Gladys**, you have to know **when** to **hang 'em up**. And as the **man said** when he **cut off** the **armadillo's tail**, it won't be **long** now.

I've been **associated** with **CBS News** since **1962**. The **network** of such **giants** as **Ed Murrow**, **Fred Friendly**, **Walter Cronkite** and an **invisible termite** that **only I** could **see**, named **Joopy**. I'm not **ashamed** to say my **eyes** were **wider** than a **mama cow** getting her **udder tangled** on the **electric fence**.

It seems like only **yesterday** that I **first** joined **CBS**. My **feet** were as **wet** as a **salmon** with a **urinary tract infection**. And here I am, **ready** to **step out** of the **buggy** and hand the **reins** to a new **trail jockey**. I do this with some **reluctance**. **Network politics** can be **cold** — as **cold** as a couple of **penguins** in **marriage counselling**. **One minute** they're handing you the **gold watch**, the **next** they're giving you the **brass enema**.

My **time** has rolled by **faster** than the **meter** in an **Azerbaijani taxicab**. And I've **learned much** during my **tenure**. This **newsman's heart** is like a **newborn baby's head**: open to **new ideas**, yet with a **soft spot** big enough to stick **both thumbs** into.

But once the controversy over his (wink, wink) "retirement" has died down, we'll miss the old coot. We'll miss his folksy analogies and bizarre colloquialisms. We'll miss that special twinkle that made us feel that yes, this could finally be the night he was going to snap. And since we've got Memphis Grizzlies loge tickets that night, we'll miss...

L NEWS-BROADCAST

All the **while**, that old **CBS eye** has been **staring back** at me, keeping me **honest**. It never **blinks**. It's got a bigger, rounder **black pupil** than **Shaquille O'Neal's 4th grade teacher**. And it's become a **cherished friend**. In my mind, **whenever** I reported the **day's events**, I was **talking** to the **eyeball**. If the **CBS logo** had been ■ **knee**, or ■ **lobe**, suffice it to say that **this newsman's career** would have taken a **different turn**.

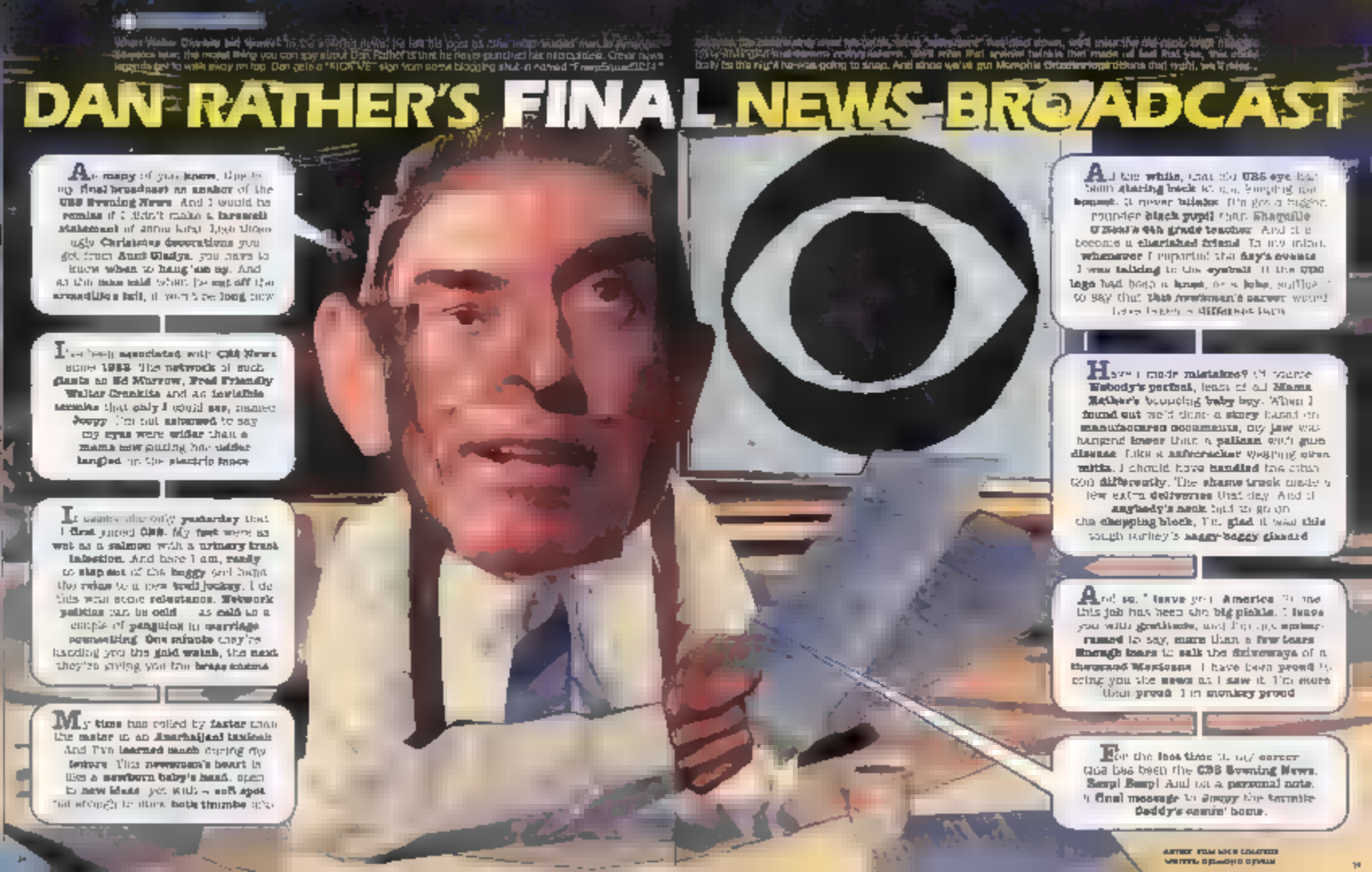
Have I made **mistakes?** Of course. **Nobody's perfect**, least of all **Mama Rather's** bouncing **baby boy**. When I **found out** we'd done a **story** based on **manufactured documents**, my **jaw** was hanging **lower** than a **pelican** with **gum disease**. Like a **safecracker** wearing **oven mitts**, I should have **handled** the situation **differently**. The **shame truck** made a few extra **deliveries** that day. And if **anybody's neck** had to go on the **chopping block**, I'm **glad** it was **this** tough turkey's **saggy-baggy gizzard**.

And **so**, I **leave** you, **America**. To **me**, this **job** has been the **big pickle**. I **leave** you with **gratitude**, and I'm not **embarrassed** to say, **more** than a **few tears**. **Enough tears** to **salt** the **driveways** of a **thousand Mexicans**. I have been **proud** ■ bring you the **news** as I **saw** ■. I'm **more** than **proud**. I'm **monkey proud**.

For the **last time** ■ my **career**, this has been the **CBS Evening News**. **Beep! Beep!** And on a **personal note**, a **final message** to **Joopy** the **termite**: **Daddy's comin' home**.

ARTIST: TOM NICK COCOTOS
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

DAN RATHER'S FINAL NEWS BROADCAST



As many of you know, this is my final broadcast as anchor of the **CBS Evening News**. And I would be remiss if I didn't make a farewell statement of some kind. Like those ugly Christmas decorations you got from Aunt Gladys, you have to know when to hang 'em up. And as the late Hall Wallis said when he cut off the groundhog's tail, it won't be long now.

I've been associated with **CBS News** since **1962**. The network of such giants as **Ed Murrow, Fred Friendly, Walter Cronkite** and **Al Leviathan Mendez** that only I could say, mainly **Joey**. I'm not ashamed to say my eyes were wider than a mama kow eating her udder laughed on the electric knee.

It seems like only yesterday that I first joined **CBS**. My feet were as wet as a salmon with a **urinary tract infection**. And here I am, ready to step out of the buggy and into the relay to a new trail jockey. I do this with some reluctance. **Network politics** can be cold — as cold as a couple of penguins in marriage counseling. One minute they're handing you the **gold watch**, the next they're giving you the **brass enema**.

My time has rolled by faster than the meter in an **Azerbaijani taxicab**. And I've learned much during my tenure. This newsman's heart is like a **newborn baby's head**, open to new ideas yet with a soft spot big enough to allow both thumbs into

All the while, that CBS eye has been staring back at me, hanging on my every word. It never blinked. I'm not a bigger, rounder **black pupil** than Shaquille O'Neal's 4th grade teacher. And it's become a **cherished friend**. To my mind, whenever I reported the day's events I was talking to the eyeball. If the CBS logo had been a brow, or a bone, or like, scoliosis, to say that this newsman's career would have taken a different path.

Have I made mistakes? Of course. **Nobody's perfect**, least of all **Mama Rather's** boogaling baby boy. When I found out we'd done a story based on **manufactured documents**, my jaw was hanging lower than a **pelican** with **glue disease**. Like a **rattlesnake** shedding **skin cells**. I should have **handled** the situation differently. The **shame train** made a few extra deliveries that day. And if **anybody's neck** had to go on the **chopping block**, I'm glad it was this tough turkey's **saggy-baggy gizzard**.

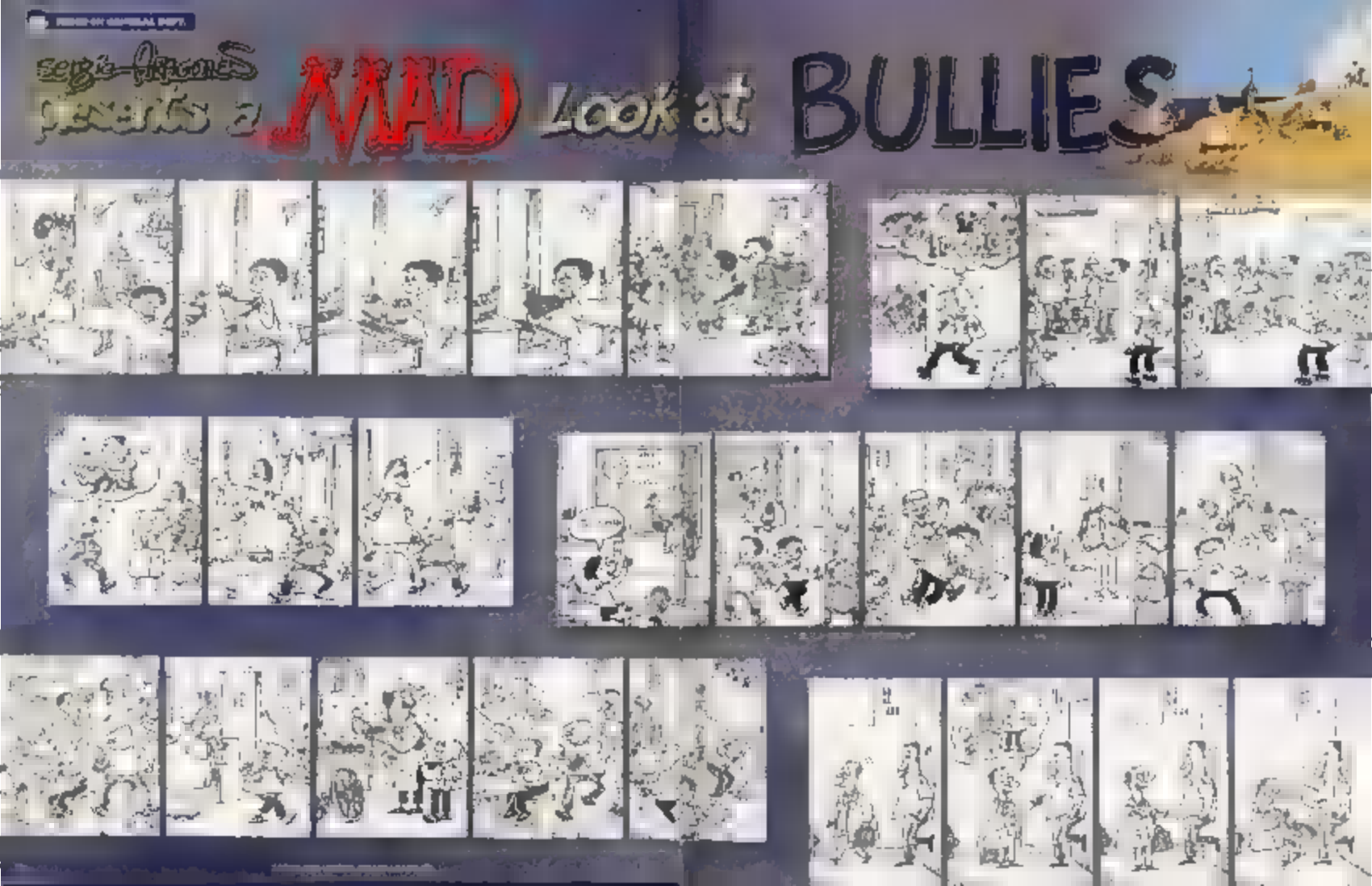
And so, I leave you, **America**. To me this job has been the **big pickle**. I leave you with gratitude, and I'm too **ashamed** to say, more than a few tears **through tears** to walk the driveways of a **thousand Montanas**. I have been proud to bring you the **news** as I saw it. I'm more than proud. I'm **monkey proud**.

For the last time in my career, this has been the **CBS Evening News**. **Scrp! Scrp!** And on a personal note, a **final message** to **Jimmy** the terrible **Daddy's comin' home**.

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

sergio aragonés presents a MAD Look

at BULLIES


Sergio Aragonés presents a MAD Look at BULLIES

DENTIST
? ?

Hi, I'm Ben Affleck, movie star and poker champ! It's not a coincidence that a great actor like me is also a great poker player. In fact, it's my amazing acting skills that allow me to keep a poker face that no opponent can read! And now you too can master this subtle art and win big at any casino, thanks to my new DVD...

When you first sit down at a poker table, you want to show the dealer and the other players that while you're happy to be there, you really mean business. I recommend going with the expression I used in *Jersey Girl* when I met Liv Tyler's character for the first time and I wanted to convey that I was attracted to her, but not overly interested.

If you're holding a poor hand, you don't want to telegraph it to your opponents. You want to bluff them into folding by raising, while looking overly confident. I suggest using the expression I did in *The Sum of All Fears* when I gave good news to the President, played by James Cromwell.

If you have a great hand, don't broadcast it! Give the other players a false sense of security by looking slightly concerned, like I did in the scene from *Surviving Christmas* when James Gandolfini's character is just starting to get on my nerves.

For mediocre hands, it's best to be completely expressionless so your opponents have no idea what you're thinking. Try using the expression I had in the scene from *Pearl Harbor* when the base was under attack and my comrades were dying brutal deaths all around me.

OUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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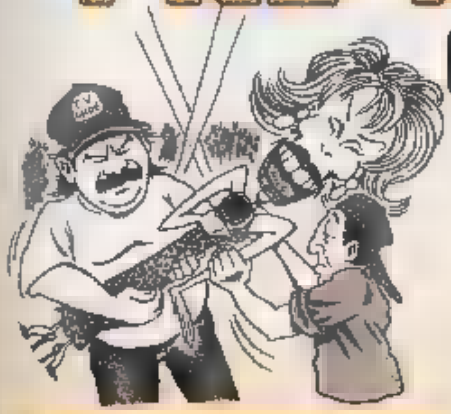
ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

A MAD AD PARODY

ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

It's awards season, and you know what that means...lots of lights! Lots of paparazzi! And so much meaningless fluff to keep track of, you're gonna need...

MAD'S MINUTE-BY-MINUTE BREAKDOWN OF A TYPICAL RED-CARPET PRE-AWARDS SHOW



To prepare for its *Live From the Red Carpet* special, the TV Guide Channel production team removes Joan Rivers from her cryogenic freeze.

Nick Lachey, Justin Timberlake and Andy Dick arrive, establishing a Hollywood red carpet record for the highest collective I.Q. ever for three celebrities.

Catherine Zeta-Jones helps Michael Douglas with his walker.

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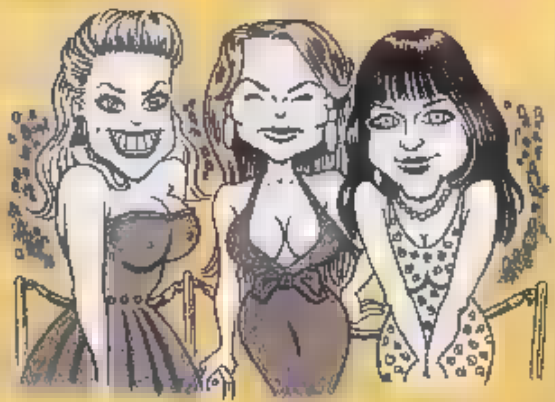
In a time-[illegible], Kirsten Dunst [illegible] death on her publicist for granting *Access Hollywood*'s [illegible] Bush permission to take an exclusive behind-the-scenes ride with her.

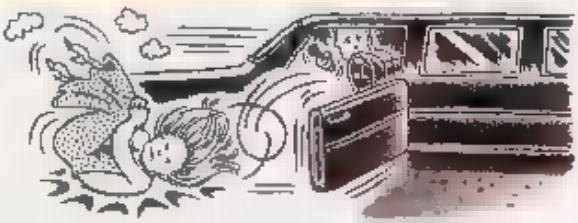
Just two minutes later, the Lachey-Timberlake-Dick I.Q. record is shattered with the appearance of Carmen Electra, Lindsay Lohan and Ashlee Simpson.



Legendary screenwriter William Goldman, whose films have grossed a bazillion dollars in the past 30 years, walks the red carpet without getting recognized, let alone stopped, once. (It's later determined that the star wrangler with the headset and walkie-talkie got more TV time.)

ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE

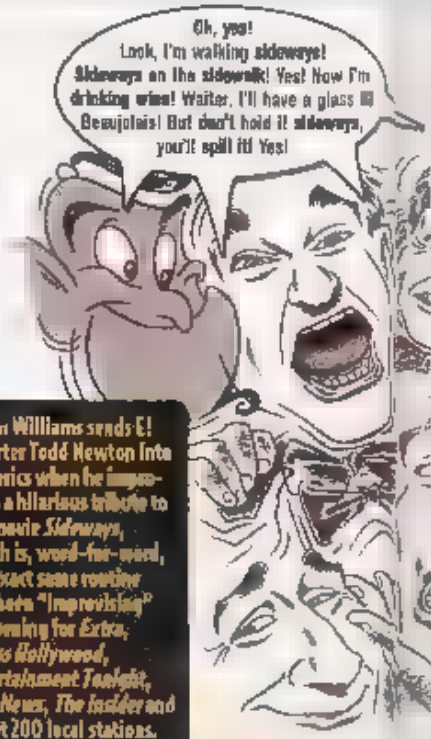
Kirsten Dunst shoulder-rolls out of her limo while it's still going 25 mph — to get away from Billy Bush once and for all.



P. Diddy arrives and, even though it's a cloudless, warm night, some dude in a $3,000 suit covers him with an umbrella.

In an ironic twist, Jamie Foxx, who wasn't actually blind when he portrayed Ray Charles, is permanently rendered sightless by the 10,000 paparazzi flashbulbs that go off in his face all at once.

Robin Williams sends E! reporter Todd Newton into hysterics when he improvises a hilarious tribute to the movie *Sideways*, which is, word-for-word, the exact same routine he's been "improvising" all evening for *Extra*, *Access Hollywood*, *Entertainment Tonight*, *MTV News*, *The Insider* and about 200 local stations.


Oh, yes!
Look, I'm walking sideways!
Sideways on the sidewalk! Yes! Now I'm drinking wine! Waiter, I'll have a glass of Beaujolais! But don't hold it sideways, you'll spill it! Yes!

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Bill Murray physically assaults an *Extra* camera crew, after some idiot PA asks him to do a 14th take on his free "Extra! Extra!" promo.

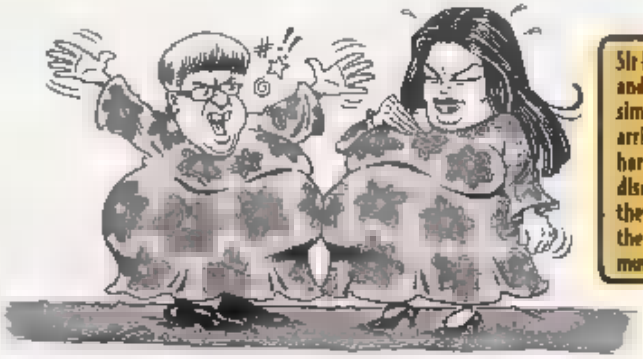
Tara Reid's boob "accidentally" falls out of her dress...again.

Michael Moore uses his camera time to tell Mary Hart how the Bush administration's inability to deal with the impending budget crisis has brought on trade deficits, unsustainable debt and a Social Security crisis — because if there's one thing that *Entertainment Tonight*'s mouth-breathing, Cheeto-eating, 54-I.Q.-having audience LOVES, it's wonky government policy talk!

So, Scarlett, you're giving out the award for Breast Actress...er, BEST Actress! And you're co-presenting with Cuba Gooding Jr....sorry! Cuba Gooding Jr.!

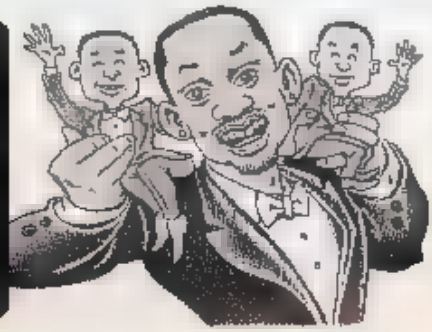
Pat O'Brien interviews Scarlett Johansson and doesn't come close to making eye contact with her even once.

With the comment, "Vince Vaughn, you were just genius in *Dodgeball*!" Pat O'Brien officially kisses his 10,000th career ass.



Sir Elton John and Kirstie Alley simultaneously arrive and are horrified to discover that they're wearing the exact same muumuu.

To show the world what a good guy he is, Will Smith arrives holding the hands of his kids...who will be sent to the balcony with their nanny as soon as this photo op is over.



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So, James, tell me — where's the strangest place you ever took a dump?

Jim Belushi [illegible] for his wallet after receiving a hug from Winona Ryder.

Reporters smuck in by *Jimmy Kimmel Live* and *The Howard Stern Show* ask ridiculous questions in an attempt to make celebrities look like clueless twits — as if James Woods or William Shatner needed any help in that department.

Fashion [illegible] Stephen Cojocaro cattily [illegible] Zellweger's new look as "just [illegible] wrong" — completely missing the irony that [illegible] himself looks like the unholy offspring of [illegible] Tyler and Big Bird.

Dean Cain, Luke Perry, and Chris Kattan arrive (as part of the work crew assigned to roll up the red carpet once the award show begins).

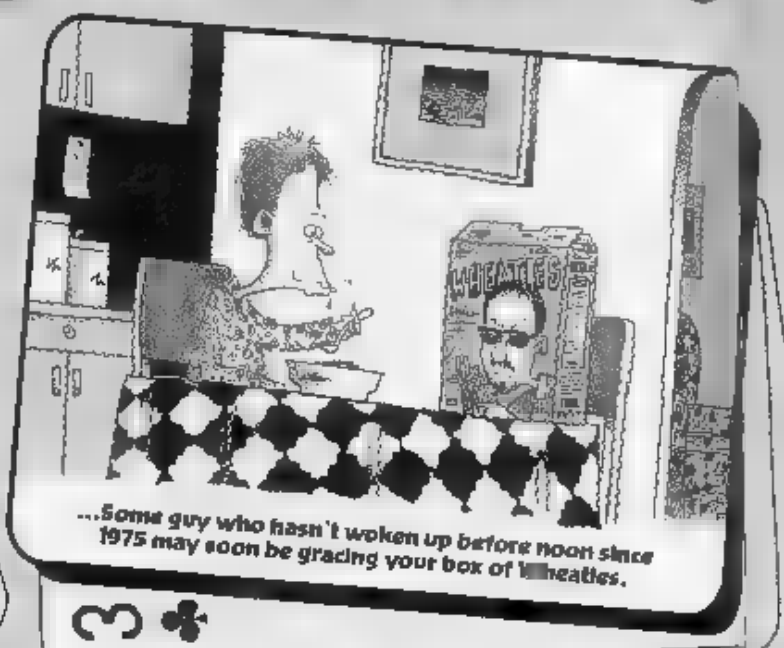
THE TRAGICALLY CHIP DEPT.

The problem with there being 500 channels on cable is that the programmers have to find some kind of crap to fill them. The latest batch of crap on all of them is poker. Celebrity Poker, the World Poker Tour, the World Series of Poker and Survivor: Palms Casino are all attempts by different channels to cash in on this fad (well, OK that last one doesn't really exist...it's only in pre-production). But how has this really changed everyday life? Just go all in with...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THANKS TO THE POPULARITY OF POKER...

...Office productivity will grind to a crawl due to online fantasy celebrity poker leagues.



...Some guy who hasn't woken up before noon since 1975 may soon be gracing your box of Wheaties.

...There'll be a dramatic increase in the percentage of bleary-eyed Sunday churchgoers mistakenly going "all in" on the collection basket.

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

BIG NEWS, DADDY! GUESS WHO FILLED OUT A JACK HIGH BOAT ON THE RIVER CARD AND TOOK HOME ALL THE LUNCH MONEY?
102
...There's an emerging wave of parental pride for skills in what was once considered a lowlife slacker sideline.
SWEETHEART, ANY MESSAGES FOR "RIVERBOAT" BRAUNSCHWEIGER?
...Every zit-faced numbers nerd who ducks into a Vegas hotel will sport an ill-fitting "cool" nickname.
JUST DO IT! THIS MEANS YOU
REJECTS
...Indonesian sneaker sweatshops will be forced to retool to crank out playing cards and poker chips.
EXTREME NUDE BOWLING TOUR 2005
...Professional bowling will have to go to extreme measures to rebuild lost viewership.
BOY, DO I HAVE A CRUMMY HAND!! IF I WERE YOU I'D BET IT ALL, UNCLE WALT!
FFNFF...?
...Kids can profit greatly from bonding with aging relatives.

THE TRAGICALLY DULL BIT

The problem with World Series Poker showcases on cable is that the presenters have to find clever ways to say to all these poker players: "Hey, stop on all of these poker players: Yo, the World Series of Poker and Survivor: Palau have all things in common. Both involve people in exotic locales, both have a million dollar prize, and both are about poker. Oh, that last one doesn't really exist. It's only in pre-production, artist. It's only in pre-production, but how has this reality changed everyday life? Just as much as with...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THANKS TO THE POPULARITY OF POKER....

...office productivity will grind to a crawl due to online fantasy celebrity poker leagues.

...Some guy who hasn't woken up before noon after 1273 sets could be grading your bets as Wheaties.

...There'll be a enormous increase in the percentage of sleazy eyed sunday showdowners mistakenly giving "advice" on the satisfaction hotline.

...Pre-recorded bowling will have to go to extreme measures to uphold level viewership.

...There's an emerging wave of paranormal prizes for skills in which real world correlations a healthy slacker sideline.

...Sorry 18-dazed numbers nerd who checks into a Vegas hotel will spent an ill-fitting "coed" electrocuted.

...Indecision anxiety disorder sufferers will be forced to commit to arrest, cut shopping cards and private affairs.

...Kids can profit greatly from bowling with online relatives.

JOHN CALDWELL'S

THANKS TO THE POPULARITY OF POKER...

...We'll soon usher in the era of "Poker Dads."

...There's finally a practical use for that stupid deck of "Iraq's Most Wanted."

Barry T. Flurvin, Hot Falls, ID

Barely knows the basic rules and strategies of the game. Instead, counts heavily on his uncanny resemblance to the King of Clubs to intimidate opponents.

Armand "Blind Hugo" Phosbury, Garmentbag, IN

Rapidly pissing away his large cataract malpractice award money with his penchant for going all in with nothing more than a six and deuce, off suit.

PLAYERS YOU'LL NEVER SEE IN THE FINALS OF THE WORLD SERIES OF POKER

Herschel Walstead, Mustanottagotta, LA

Herschel's A.D.D. combined with superior origami skills frequently results in winning hole cards being turned into a grazing wildebeast.

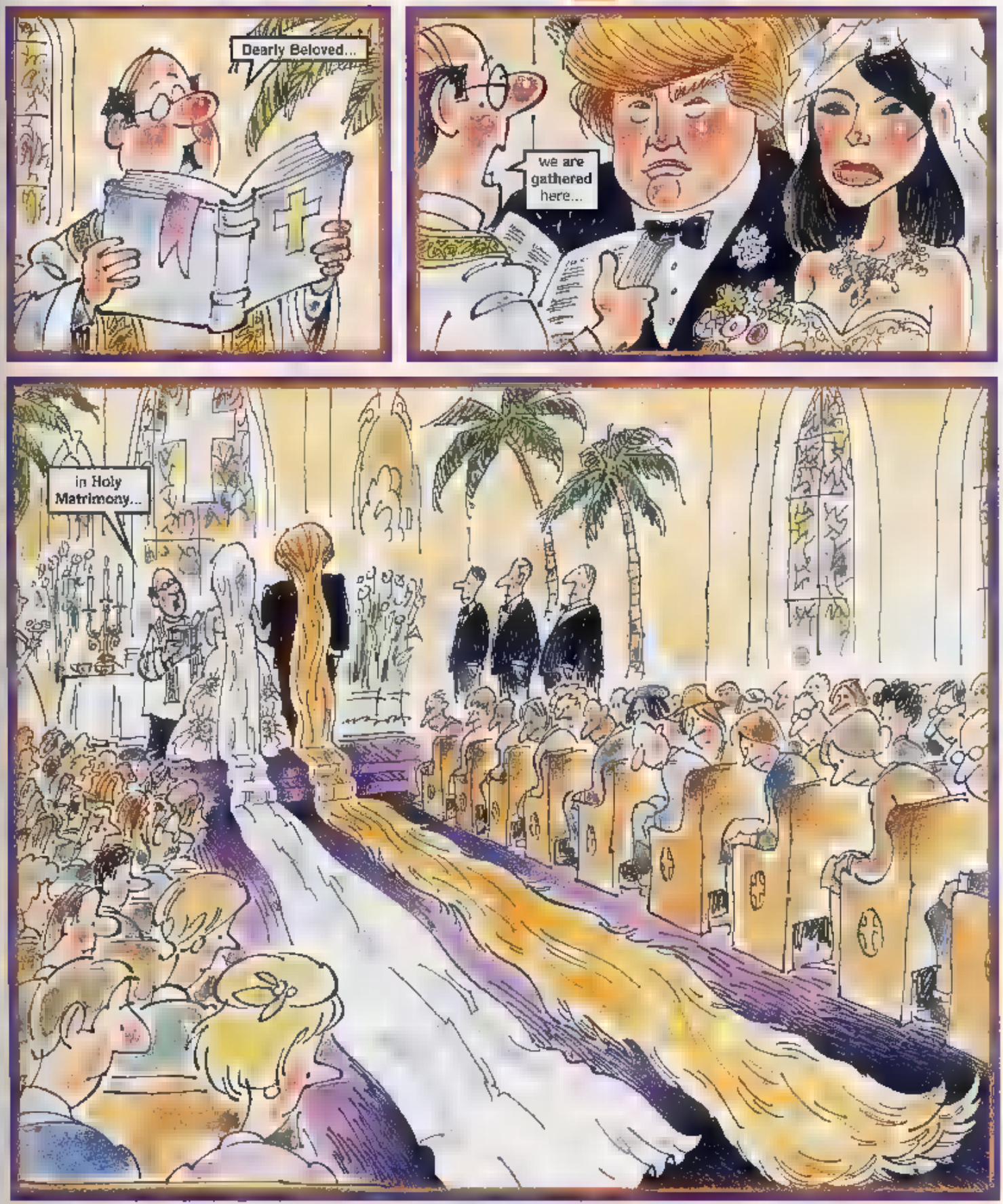
Horst Benoit, Philbrick, NH

An acute allergic reaction to Bicycle brand playing cards often leaves him dropping out of winnable hands.

Lou Klogswatt, Sackawonka River, NJ

Known primarily for having what's known in card circles as a "Bingo" face.

One Fine Morning In Florida



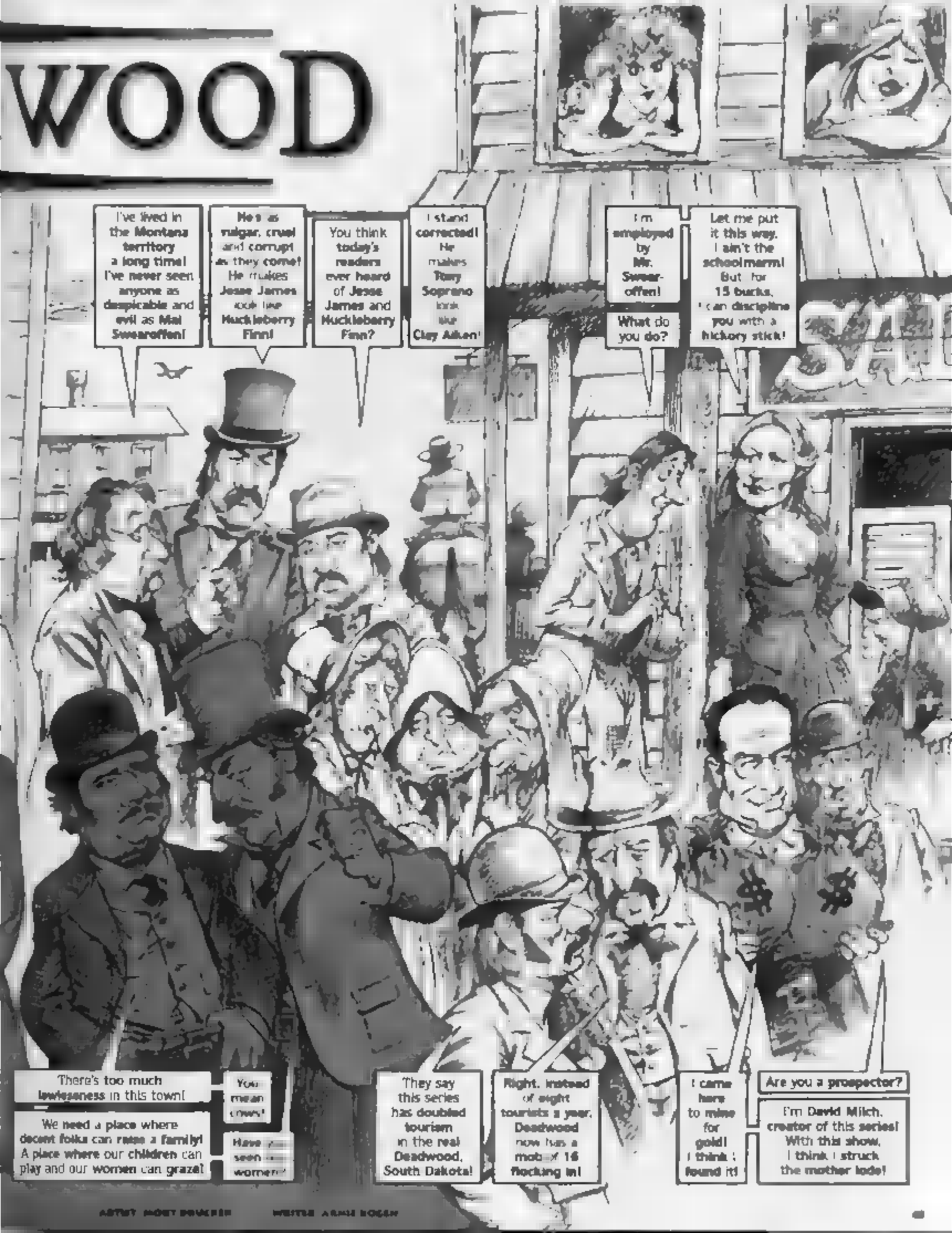
ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: DUCK EDWING

DREAD

Okay, c$%6 s@#l%n' MAD readers. You want an intro? Here's your f#$%*n' intro! There's a gritty, foul-mouthed f%$#@n' western series on HBO which is getting great m%@$*r f6%$*n' reviews and uses a s6%tload of c6%# s#@%$n' profanity even when that profanity is f#*%$n' unnecessary! Here is...

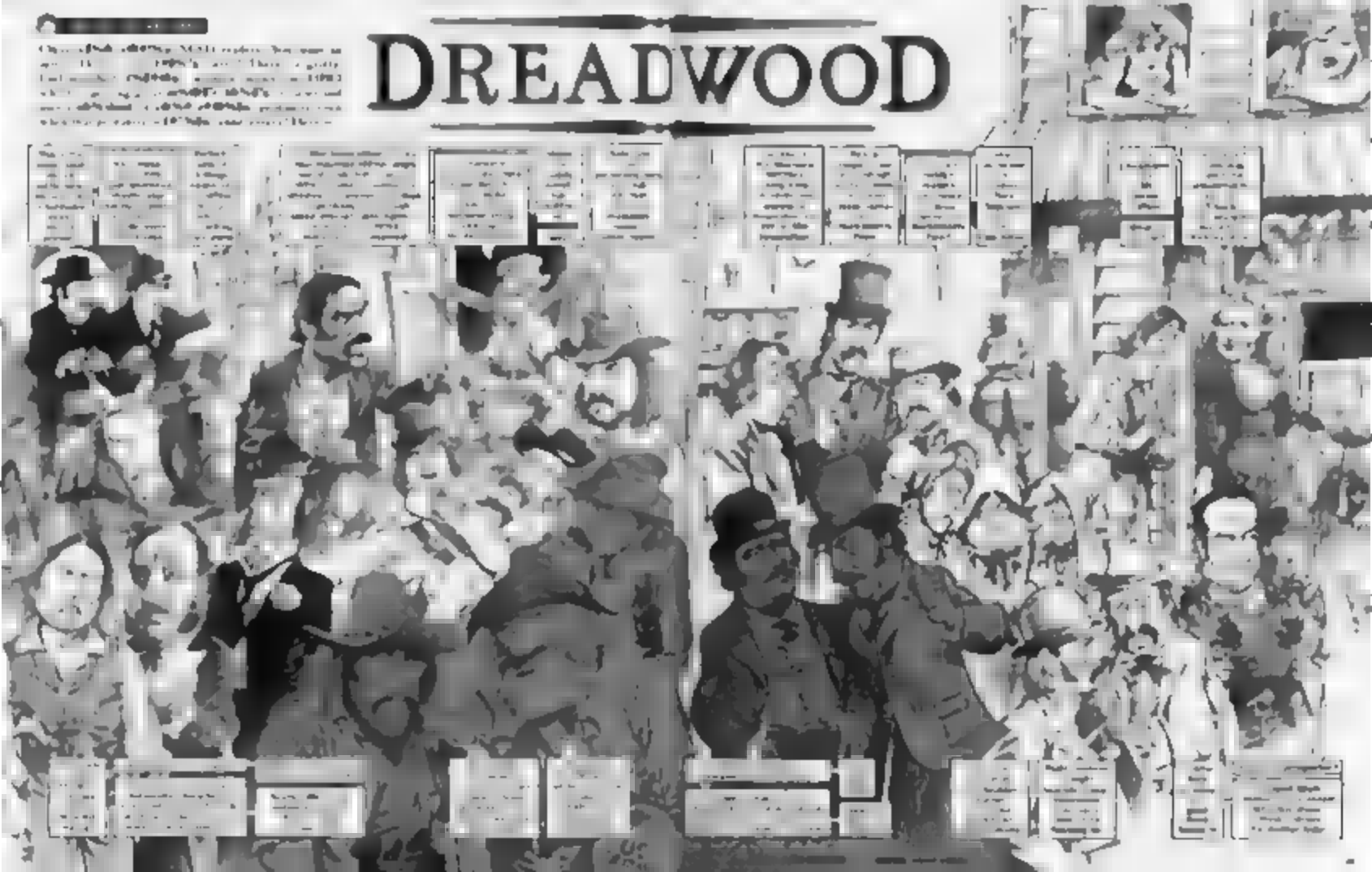
This is the town, Saul! We will settle here! We will build a hardware store! We will prosper!
It's a mess! There's filth, mud-splattered streets, pigs eating corpses, and there's a murder every ten minutes!
Perfect! Lots of killings means lots of coffins! We'll get rich just on selling nails alone!
I'm Mal Swearoffen! I'm one foul-mouthed f#$%n' angry son of a b&*%#! I run this f#$%*n town! I control the whiskey, the women, the dope, the gambling and all high-speed internet cable rights whenever the f#%# that's f&*%*n' invented!
I'm a hankerin' to pull up stakes here! And gol durn it, if I don't strike it rich, I just varnoose along! Lickity split! Yer darn tootin'!
Shoot the cuddly m@#$-%&-f@#$%-er!
Why?
I hate cute! I will personally hang any c%&* s%*%#r who says skedaddle, mosey or rootin'-tootin'!
They made a big f%^&*n' mistake killing Wild Bill Hiccup!
Because he was the most charismatic character the series had! And the f$%*&n producers killed him off in season one, episode four!
Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't such a mistake!
Really? Who's the audience going to f#$%*n' tune in to see you?
Historically, this series is supposed to take place in Sioux Territory! So far I haven't seen one single Indian!
Figures! In the 1870s, the white man stole their land. now, in 2005 they're stealing their acting gigs!

WOOD


I've lived in the Montana territory a long time! I've never seen anyone as despicable and evil as Mal Swearoffen!
He's as vulgar, cruel and corrupt as they come! He makes Jesse James look like Huckleberry Finn!
You think today's readers ever heard of Jesse James and Huckleberry Finn?
I stand corrected! He makes Tony Soprano look like Clay Aiken!
I'm employed by Mr. Swear-offen!
What do you do?
Let me put it this way. I ain't the schoolmarm! But for 15 bucks, I can discipline you with a hickory stick!
There's too much lewlessness in this town!
You mean crows!
We need a place where decent folks can raise a family! A place where our children can play and our women can graze!
Have you seen our women?
They say this series has doubled tourism in the real Deadwood, South Dakota!
Right. Instead of eight tourists a year, Deadwood now has a mob of 16 flocking in!
I came here to mine for gold! I think I found it!
Are you a prospector?
I'm David Milch, creator of this series! With this show, I think I struck the mother lode!

ARTIST: MOSES ROCKER WRITER: ARNIE ROSEN

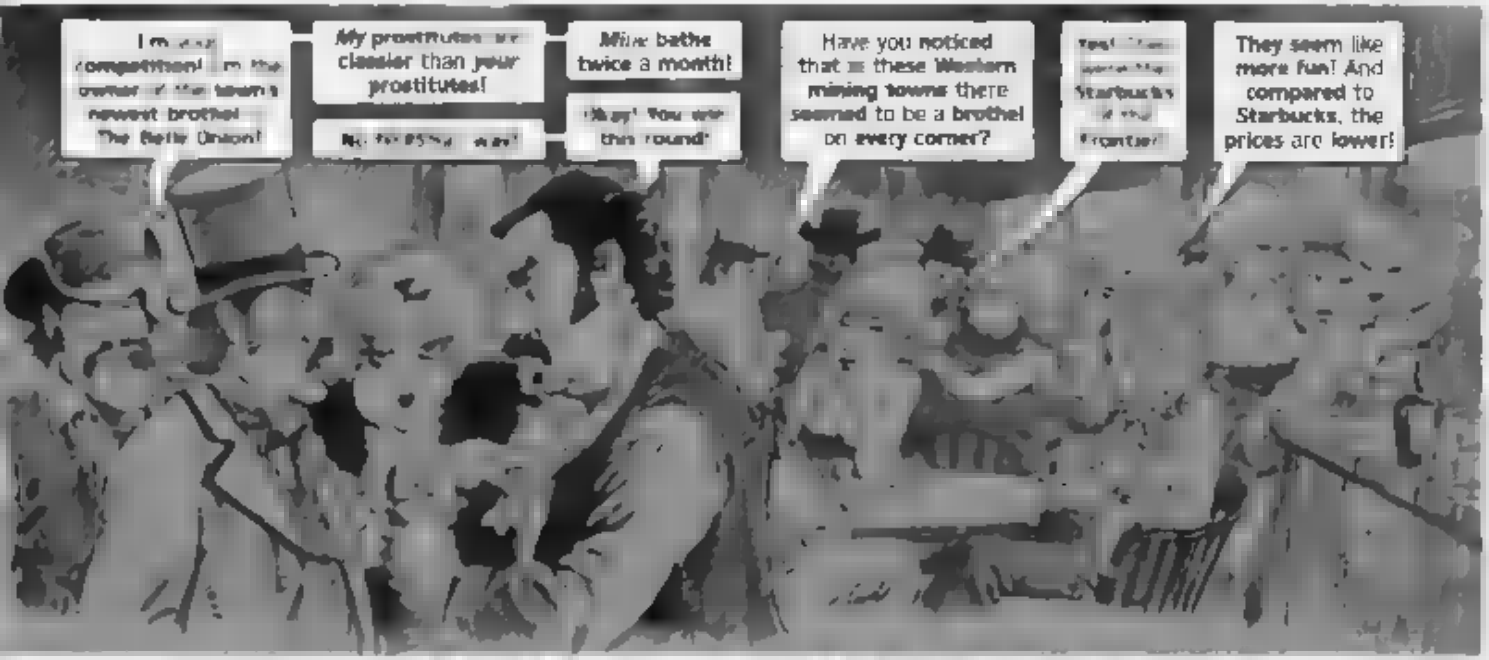
DREADWOOD

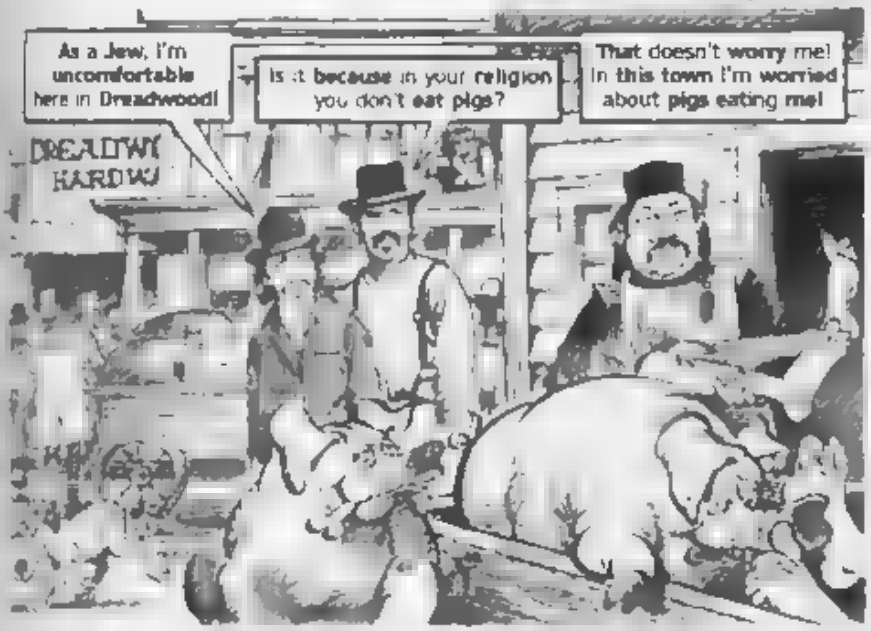


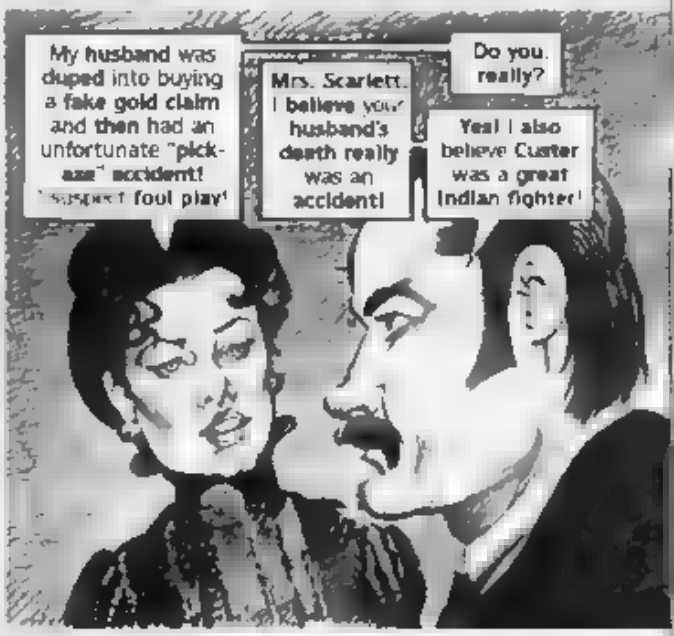
Another f@#$%in' day in Deadwood! I think I start every f@#$%in' day!
Dank water down the f@#$%in' drinks!
Girls, get whoring!
Hey, tell that new Eastern dude!
Must've read Mal's The 7 Habits of Highly Effective Bastards he's been unstoppable!

I hope not in that order!
I'm Trickie! I can give you something you won't get from your wife at home!
Really? What's that?
It's a thing called crotch pox!

Must I always be so rough with the girls?
Trickie, you're my favorite working girl, I'm being gentle with you!
Yes! Thank goodness! This is the soft soled boots!

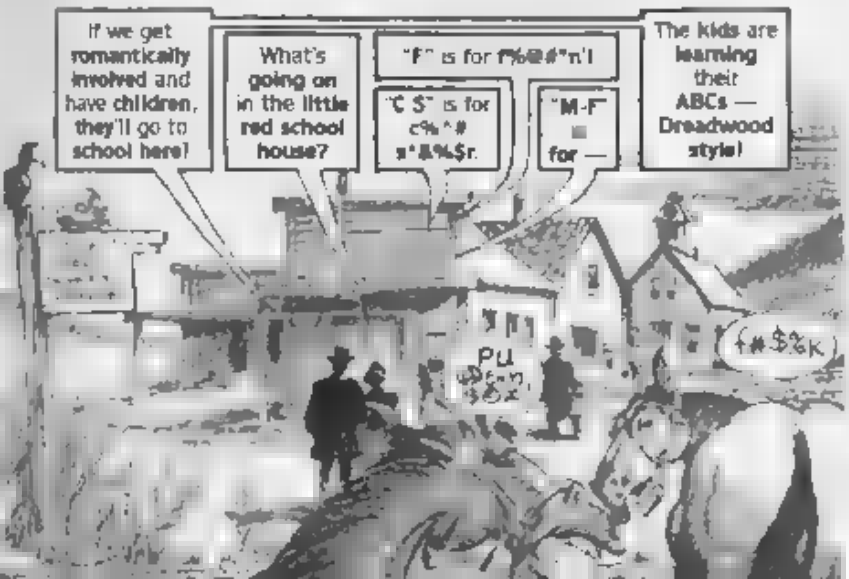

I'm your competition! I'm the owner of the town's newest brothel The Betty Union!
My prostitutes are classier than your prostitutes!
F@#$%in' A right!
Mine bathe twice a month!
Okay! You win this round!
Have you noticed that in these Western mining towns there seemed to be a brothel on every corner?
Yes! There's a Starbucks on the Frontier!
They seem like more fun! And compared to Starbucks, the prices are lower!

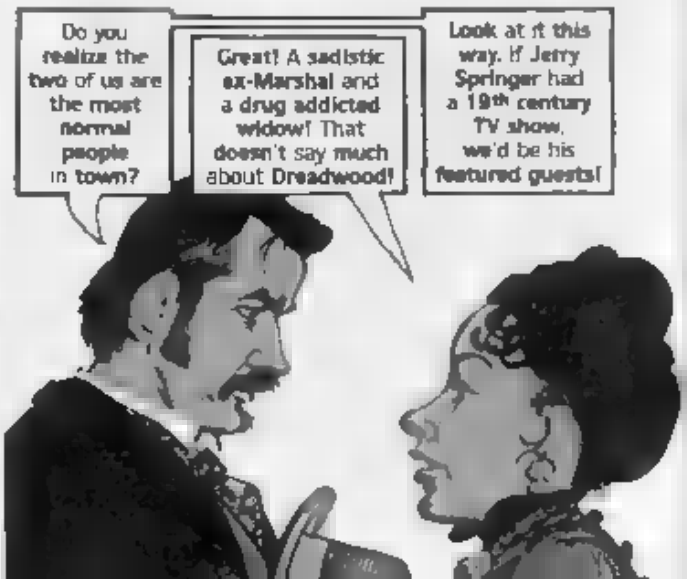

As a Jew, I'm uncomfortable here in Dreadwood!
Is it because in your religion you don't eat pigs?
That doesn't worry me! In this town I'm worried about pigs eating me!


My husband was duped into buying a fake gold claim and then had an unfortunate "pick-axe" accident! I suspect foul play!
Mrs. Scarlett, I believe your husband's death really was an accident!
Do you really?
Yes! I also believe Custer was a great Indian fighter!

Thank you for taking an interest in my situation, Mr. Buttock! Why are you being so kind?
Let's just say I have a pair of reasons!

Here you go, folks! Stale biscuits, oxen pudding, slab of owl and wash it down with a glass of Cherokee sweat!
Uh, suddenly I'm not hungry!
In Dreadwood, this is fine dining!


If we get romantically involved and have children, they'll go to school here!
What's going on in the little red school house?
"F" is for f%@#"n'!
"C S" is for c%^# s*&%$r.
"M-F" ■ for —
The kids are learning their ABCs — Dreadwood style!
(#$%K)


Do you realize the two of us are the most normal people in town?
Great! A sadistic ex-Marshal and a drug addicted widow! That doesn't say much about Dreadwood!
Look at it this way. If Jerry Springer had a 19th century TV show, we'd be his featured guests!

Nobody here has the f@#$&n' balls to fight me! Nobody here can f@#$&n' drink with me! What a bunch of f@#$&n' c#%*s! This town is a f@#$&n' circus!
Who is that guy?
That guy is a gal... Calamitous Jane!
She's the drunkenest, sweeringest, smelliest woman ever — at least until Courtney Love is born!
Westerns sure have come a long way since Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman! How do you allow this sort of language, Reverend?
Don't f@#%&n' blame me!
Wow, this is a tough town!
Mal, the new girls have arrived!
It's about f#$%ing time! Send in the c$%& n%$%#rs!
QT DRUCKER
We haven't worked in over a year! We're a little creaky and rusty, but we're ready to get back into action!
Aren't you a little long in the tooth?
We're experienced! We've done everyone back East! Now we're ready to take on guys in the West!
We know what's expected of us! We're familiar with the territory!
You mean brothels?
I mean HBO!
Hey — it's the same f@#$&n' thing!

WHAT BIG STAR'S RECORD IS THE PUBLIC JUST NOT BUYING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every year, the public pays attention to all the latest hits. Despite all the media attention, however, there's one record that even huge fans are choosing to ignore. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

BARRING MIRACLES, SOME RECORDS WILL STAY BOTH PANNED AND HATED. IT'S MANY BANDS' TOTAL NIGHTMARE. AGENTS WHO HAVE PAINTED HAPPY SALES PROJECTIONS OFTEN HAVE SOME REAL EXPLAINING TO DO. IT ISN'T MUCH FUN RECORDING FAILURE AFTER A LIFETIME'S WORK

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B

WHAT BIG STAR'S RECORD IS THE PUBLIC JUST NOT BUYING?

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

BARRY
BONDS'
TAINTED
HOME
RUN
RECORD

A B

EVERY PURSUIT HAS ITS PRICE
Trivial Pursuit
DVD
THE LORD OF THE RINGS
Thousands of questions. Hundreds of interactive DVD scenes. One obsession sure to leave its mark.
NEW LINE CINEMA
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